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LIFE AND CHARACTER OF LAURENCE STERNE.

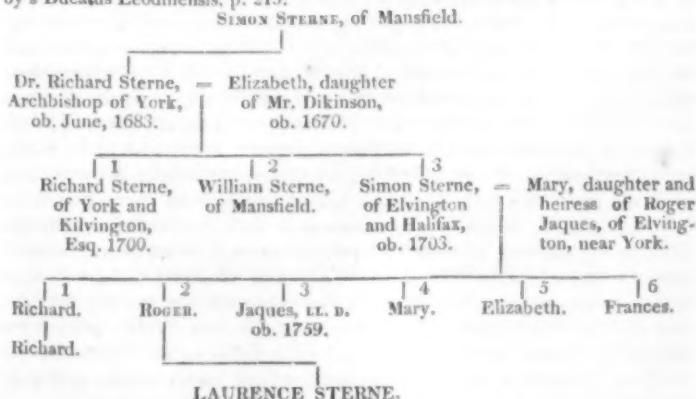
BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[From *Ballantyne's Novelist's Library*.]

LAURENCE STERNE was one of those few authors who have anticipated the labours of the biographer, and left to the world what they desired should be known of their family and their life.

"Roger Sterne,"* says this narrative, "grandson to Archbishop Sterne, Lieutenant in Handaside's regiment, was married to Agnes Hebert, widow of a captain of a good family. Her family name was (I believe) Nuttle;—though, upon recollection, that was the name of her father-in-law, who was a noted sutler in Flanders, in Queen Anne's wars, where my father married his wife's daughter, (N. B. he was in debt to him) which was in September 25, 1711, old style.—This Nuttle had a son by my grandmother,—a fine person of a man, but a graceless whelp!—what became of him I know not.—The family (if any left) live now at Clonmell, in the south of Ireland; at which town I was born, November 24, 1713, a few days after my mother arrived from Dunkirk.—My birth-day was ominous to my poor father, who was, the day of our arrival, with

* Mr. Sterne was descended from a family of that name in Suffolk, one of which settled in Nottinghamshire. The following genealogy is extracted from Thoresby's *Ducatus Leodinenensis*, p. 215.



many other brave officers, broke, and sent adrift into the wide world, with a wife and two children;—the elder of which was Mary. She was born at Lisle, in French Flanders, July 10, 1712, new style.—This child was the most unfortunate:—She married one Weemans, in Dublin, who used her most unmercifully;—spent his substance, became a bankrupt, and left my poor sister to shift for herself; which she was able to do but for a few months, for she went to a friend's house in the country, and died of a broken heart. She was a most beautiful woman, of a fine figure, and deserved a better fate.—The regiment in which my father served being broke, he left Ireland as soon as I was able to be carried, with the rest of his family, and came to the family-seat at Elvington, near York, where his mother lived. She was daughter to Sir Roger Jacques, and an heiress. There we sojourned for about ten months, when the regiment was established, and our household decamped with bag and baggage for Dublin.—Within a month of our arrival, my father left us, being ordered to Exeter; where, in a sad winter, my mother and her two children followed him, travelling from Liverpool, by land, to Plymouth.—(Melancholy description of this journey, not necessary to be transmitted here.)—In twelve months we were all sent back to Dublin.—My mother, with three of us (for she lay-in at Plymouth of a boy, Joram) took ship at Bristol, for Ireland, and had a narrow escape from being cast away, by a leak springing up in the vessel.—At length, after many perils and struggles, we got to Dublin.—There my father took a large house, furnished it, and in a year and an half's time spent a great deal of money. In the year one thousand seven hundred and nineteen, all unhinged again; the regiment was ordered, with many others, to the Isle of Wight, in order to embark for Spain, in the Vigo expedition. We accompanied the regiment, and were driven into Milford Haven, but landed at Bristol; from thence, by land, to Plymouth again, and to the Isle of Wight;—where, I remember, we stayed encamped some time before the embarkation of the troops—(in this expedition, from Bristol to Hampshire, we lost poor Joram,—a pretty boy, four years old, of the small-pox)—my mother, sister, and myself, remained at the Isle of Wight during the Vigo expedition, and until the regiment had got back to Wicklow, in Ireland; from whence my father sent for us.—We had poor Joram's loss supplied, during our stay in the Isle of Wight, by the birth of a girl, Anne, born September the twenty-third, one thousand seven hundred and nineteen.—This pretty blossom fell at the age of three years, in the barracks of Dublin. She was, as I well remember, of a fine delicate frame, not made to last long,—as were most of my father's babes. We embarked for Dublin, and had all been cast away by a most violent storm; but through the intercessions of my mother, the captain was prevailed upon to turn back into Wales, where we stayed a month, and at length got into Dublin, and travelled by land to Wicklow; where my father had for some weeks given us

over for lost. We lived in the barracks at Wicklow one year—(one thousand seven hundred and twenty) when Divijeher (so called after Colonel Divijeher) was born; from thence we decamped to stay half a year with Mr. Featherston, a clergyman, about seven miles from Wicklow; who, being a relation of my mother's, invited us to his parsonage at Animo. It was in this parish, during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt; the story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland, where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me. From hence we followed the regiment to Dublin, where we lay in the barracks a year. In this year (one thousand seven hundred and twenty-one) I learnt to write, &c. The regiment ordered in twenty-two to Carrickfergus, in the north of Ireland. We all decamped; but got no further than Drogheda;—thence ordered to Mullengar, forty miles west, where, by Providence, we stumbled upon a kind relation, a collateral descendant from Archbishop Sterne, who took us all to his castle, and kindly entertained us for a year, and sent us to the regiment to Carrickfergus, loaded with kindnesses, &c. A most rueful and tedious journey had we all (in March) to Carrickfergus, where we arrived in six or seven days.—Little Divijeher here died; he was three years old; he had been left behind at nurse at a farm-house near Wicklow, but was fetched to us by my father the summer after:—another child sent to fill his place, Susan. This babe, too, left us behind in this weary journey. The autumn of that year, or the spring afterwards (I forget which) my father got leave of his colonel to fix me at school,—which he did near Halifax, with an able master; with whom I stayed some time, till, by God's care of me, my cousin Sterne, of Elvington, became a father to me, and sent me to the university, &c. &c. To pursue the thread of our story, my father's regiment was, the year after, ordered to Londonderry, where another sister was brought forth, Catherine, still living; but most unhappily estranged from me by my uncle's wickedness and her own folly. From this station the regiment was sent to defend Gibraltar, at the siege, where my father was run through the body by Captain Phillips, in a duel (the quarrel began about a goose!); with much difficulty he survived, though with an impaired constitution, which was not able to withstand the hardships it was put to; for he was sent to Jamaica, where he soon fell by the country fever, which took away his senses first, and made a child of him: and then, in a month or two, walking about continually without complaining, till the moment he sat down in an arm-chair, and breathed his last, which was at Port Antonio, on the north of the island. My father was a little smart man, active to the last degree in all exercises, most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure. He was, in his temper, somewhat rapid and hasty, but of a kindly sweet disposition, void of all design; and so innocent in his own intentions, that he suspected no one; so that you

might have cheated him ten times in a day, if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose. My poor father died in March, 1731. I remained at Halifax till about the latter end of that year, and cannot omit mentioning this anecdote of myself and schoolmaster:—He had the ceiling of the school-room new white-washed; the ladder remained there. I, one unlucky day, mounted it, and wrote with a brush, in large capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and said, before me, that never should that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure I should come to preferment. This expression made me forget the stripes I had received. In the year thirty-two* my cousin sent me to the university, where I staid some time. 'Twas there that I commenced a friendship with Mr. H——, which has been lasting on both sides. I then came to York, and my uncle got me the living of Sutton; and at York I became acquainted with your mother, and courted her for two years:—she owned she liked me, but thought herself not rich enough, or me too poor, to be joined together. She went to her sisters in S——; and I wrote to her often. I believe then she was partly determined to have me, but would not say so. At her return she fell into a consumption;—and one evening that I was sitting by her, with an almost broken heart to see her so ill, she said, ‘My dear Laurey, I never can be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live! but I have left you every shilling of my fortune.’ Upon that she showed me her will. This generosity overpowered me. It pleased God that she recovered, and I married her in the year 1741. My uncle and myself were then upon very good terms; for he soon got me the Prebendary of York;—but he quarrelled with me afterwards, because I would not write paragraphs in the newspapers;—though he was a party-man, I was not, and detested such dirty work, thinking it beneath me. From that period he became my bitterest enemy.† By my wife’s means I got the living of Stillington; a friend of hers in the south had promised her, that, if she married a clergyman in Yorkshire, when the living became vacant, he would make her a compliment of it. I remained near twenty years at Sutton, doing duty at both places. I had then very good health. Books, painting,‡ fiddling, and shooting, were my amusements. As to the

* He was admitted of Jesus’ College, in the University of Cambridge, 6th July, 1733, under the tuition of Mr. Cannon.

Matriculated 29th March, 1735.

Admitted to the degree of B. A. in January, 1736.

Admitted M. A. at the commencement of 1740.

† Jacques Sterne, LL. D. He was Prebendary of Durham, Canon Residentiary, Precentor and Prebendary of York, Rector of Rise, and Rector of Hornsey cum Riston, both in the East Riding of the county of York. He died June 9th, 1759.

‡ It hath, however, been insinuated, that he for some time wrote a periodical electioneering paper at York, in defence of the Whig interest.—*Monthly Review*, vol. LIII. p. 344.

§ A specimen of Mr. Sterne’s abilities in the art of designing, may be seen in Mr. Wodhul’s poems, 8vo. 1772.

Squire of the parish, I cannot say we were upon a very friendly footing; but at Stillington, the family of the C——s showed us every kindness: 'twas most truly agreeable to be within a mile and a half of an amiable family, who were ever cordial friends. In the year 1760, I took a house at York for your mother and yourself, and went up to London to publish* my two first volumes of *Shandy*.† In that year Lord Falconbridge presented me with the curacy of Coxwold; a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton. In sixty-two I went to France before the peace was concluded; and you both followed me. I left you both in France, and in two years after, I went to Italy for the recovery of my health; and, when I called upon you, I tried to engage your mother to return to England with me;‡ she and yourself are at length come, and I have had the inexpressible joy of seeing my girl every thing I wished for.

“I have set down these particulars relating to my family and self and my Lydia, in case hereafter she might have a curiosity, or a kinder motive, to know them.”

To these notices, the following brief account of his death has been added by another writer:—

As Mr. Sterne, in the foregoing narrative, hath brought down the account of himself until within a few months of his death, it remains only to mention, that he left York about the end of the year 1767, and came to London, in order to publish *The Sentimental Journey*, which he had written during the preceding summer at his favourite living of Coxwold. His health had been for some time declining; but he continued to visit his friends, and retained his usual flow of spirits. In February, 1768, he began to perceive the approaches of death; and with the concern of a good man, and the solicitude of an affectionate parent, devoted his attention to the future welfare of his daughter. His letters, at this period, reflect so much credit on his character, that it is to be lamented

* The first edition was printed in the preceding year at York.

† The following is the order in which Mr. Sterne's publications appeared:—
1747. The Case of Elijah and the Widow of Zerephath considered. A Charity Sermon preached on Good Friday, April 17, 1747, for the support of two charity schools in York.

1750. The Abuses of Conscience. Set forth in a sermon preached in the cathedral church of St. Peter, York, at the Summer Assizes, before the Hon. Mr. Baron Clive, and the Hon. Mr. Baron Smythe, on Sunday, July 29, 1750.

1759. Vol. 1 and 2 of *Tristram Shandy*.

1760. Vol. 1 and 2 of *Sermons*.

1761. Vol. 3 and 4 of *Tristram Shandy*.

1762. Vol. 5 and 6 of *Tristram Shandy*.

1763. Vol. 7 and 8 of *Tristram Shandy*.

1766. Vols. 3, 4, 5, and 6 of *Sermons*.

1767. Vol. 9 of *Tristram Shandy*.

1768. *The Sentimental Journey*.

The remainder of his works were published after his death.

‡ From this passage, it appears that the present account of Mr. Sterne's Life and Family were written about six months only before his death.

some others in the collection were permitted to see the light. After a short struggle with his disorder, his debilitated and worn-out frame submitted to fate on the 18th day of March, 1768, at his lodgings in Bond-street. He was buried at the new burying-ground belonging to the parish of Saint George, Hanover-square, on the 22d of the same month, in the most private manner; and hath since been indebted to strangers for a monument very unworthy of his memory; on which the following lines are inscribed:—

Near to this place
Lies the Body of
The Reverend LAURENCE STERNE, A. M.
Died September 13th, 1768,*
Aged 53 Years.

To these Memoirs we can only add a few circumstances. The Archbishop of York, referred to as great-grandfather of the author, was Dr. Richard Sterne, who died in June, 1683. The family came from Suffolk to Nottinghamshire, and are described by Guiliam as bearing Or a cheveron, between three crosses flory sable. The crest is that Starling proper, which the pen of Yorick has rendered immortal.

Sterne was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, and took the degree of Master of Arts there in 1740. His protector and patron, in the outset of life, was his uncle Jaques Sterne, D. D., who was Prebendary of Durham, Canon Residentiary, Precentor, and Prebendary of York, with other good preferments. Dr. Sterne was a keen Whig, and zealous supporter of the Hanoverian succession. The politics of the times being particularly violent, he was engaged in many controversies, particularly with Dr. Richard Burton, (the original of Dr. Slop) whom he had arrested upon a charge of high treason, during the affair of 1745. Laurence Sterne, in the Memoir which precedes these notices, represents himself as having quarrelled with his uncle, because he would not assist him with his pen in controversies of this description.

When settled in Yorkshire, Sterne has represented his time as much engaged with books, fiddling, and painting. The former seem to have been in a great measure supplied by the library of Skelton Castle, the abode of his intimate friend and relation, John Hall Stevenson, author of the witty and indecent collection, entitled *Crazy Tales*, where there is a very humorous description of his ancient residence, under the name of Crazy Castle. This library had the same cast of antiquity which belonged to the Castle itself, and doubtless contained much of that rubbish of ancient literature, in which the labour and ingenuity of Sterne contrived to find a mine. Until 1759, Sterne had only printed two Sermons; but in that year he surprised the world, by publishing the two first

* It is scarcely necessary to observe, that this date is erroneous.

volumes of *Tristram Shandy*. Sterne states himself, in a letter to a friend, as being "tired of employing his brains for other people's advantage—a foolish sacrifice I have made for some years to an ungrateful person."—This passage probably alludes to his quarrel with his uncle; and as he mentions having taken a small house in York for the education of his daughter, it is probable that he looked to his pen for some assistance, though, in a letter to a nameless doctor, who had accused him of writing in order to have *nummum in loculo*, he declares he wrote not to be fed, but to be famous. *Tristram*, however, procured the author both fame and profit. The brilliant genius, which mingled with so much real or affected eccentricity,—the gaping astonishment of the readers who could not conceive the drift or object of the publication, with the ingenuity of those who attempted to discover the meaning of passages which really had none, gave the book a most extraordinary degree of eclat. But the applause of the public was not unmingled with censure. Sterne was not on good terms with his professional brethren: he had too much wit, and too little forbearance in the use of it; too much vivacity, and too little respect for his cloth and character, to maintain the formalities, not to say the decencies, of the clerical station; and he had, in the full career of his humour, assigned to some of his grave compeers ridiculous epithets and characters, which they did not resent the less, that they were certainly witty, and probably applicable. Indeed, to require a man to pardon an insult on account of the wit which accompanies the infliction, although it is what jesters often seem to expect, is desiring him to admire the painted feathers which wing the dart by which he is wounded. The tumult was therefore loud on all sides; but amid shouts of applause and cries of censure, the notoriety of *Tristram* spread still wider and wider, and the fame of Sterne rose in proportion. The author therefore triumphed, and bid the critics defiance. "I shall be attacked and pelted," he says, in one of his letters, "either from cellar or garret, write what I will; and besides, must expect to have a party against me of many hundreds, who either do not, or will not, laugh—'tis enough that I divide the world—at least I will rest contented with it." On another occasion he says, "If my enemies knew that, by this rage of abuse and ill will, they were effectually serving the interests both of myself and works, they would be more quiet; but it has been the fate of my betters, who have found that the way to fame is like the way to heaven, through much tribulation; and till I shall have the honour to be as much maltreated as Rabelais and Swift were, I must continue humble, for I have not filled up the measure of half their persecutions."

The author went to London to enjoy his fame, and met with all that attention which the public gives to men of notoriety. He boasts of being engaged fourteen dinners deep, and received this hospitality as a tribute; while his contemporaries saw the festivity in a very different light. "Any man who has a name, or who has the

power of pleasing," said Johnson, "will be very generally invited in London. The *man Sterne*, I am told, has had engagements for three months." Johnson's feelings of morality and respect for the priesthood led him to speak of Sterne with contempt; but when Goldsmith added, "And a very dull fellow," he replied with his emphatic, "Why, no, sir."

The two first volumes of *Tristram* proved introductors—singular in their character certainly—to two volumes of Sermons which the simple name of the Reverend Laurence Sterne, (ere yet he became known as the author of a fine novel) would never have recommended to notice, but which were sought for and read eagerly under that of Yorick. They maintained the character of the author for wit, genius, and eccentricity.

The third and fourth volumes of *Tristram* appeared in 1761, and the fifth and sixth in 1762. Both these publications were as popular as the two first volumes. The seventh and eighth, which came forth in 1765, did not attract so much attention. The novelty was in a great measure over; and although they contain some of the most beautiful passages which ever fell from the author's pen, yet neither uncle Toby nor his faithful attendant were sufficient to attract the public attention in the same degree as before. Thus the popularity of this singular work was for a time impeded by that singular and affected style, which had at first attracted by its novelty, but which ceased to please, when it was no longer new. Four additional volumes of sermons appeared in 1766; and in 1767 the ninth and last volume of *Tristram Shandy*. "I shall publish," he says, "but one this year; and the next I shall begin a new work of four volumes, which, when finished, I shall continue *Tristram* with fresh spirit."

The new work was unquestionably his *Sentimental Journey*; for which, according to the evidence of *La Fleur*, Sterne had made much larger collections than were ever destined to see the light. The author's health was now become extremely feeble; and his Italian travels were designed, if possible, to relieve his consumptive complaints. The remedy proved unsuccessful; yet he lived to arrive in England, and to prepare for the press the first part of the *Sentimental Journey*, which was published in 1768.

In this place we may insert with propriety those notices of Sterne and his valet *La Fleur*, which appear in Mr. Davis's interesting selection of anecdotes, which he has entitled an *Olio*.

"*La Fleur* was born in Burgundy: when a mere child he conceived a strong passion to see the world, and at eight years of age ran away from his parents. His prevenience was always his passport, and his wants were easily supplied—milk, bread, and a straw bed amongst the peasantry, were all he wanted for the night, and in the morning he wished to be on his way again. This rambling life he continued till he attained his tenth year, when being one day on the Pont Neuf at Paris, surveying with wonder the objects

that surrounded him, he was accosted by a drummer, who easily enlisted him in the service. For six years La Fleur beat his drum in the French army; two years more would have entitled him to his discharge, but he preferred anticipation, and, exchanging dress with a peasant, easily made his escape. By having recourse to his old expedients, he made his way to Montreuil, where he introduced himself to Varenne, who fortunately took a fancy to him. The little accommodations he needed were given him with cheerfulness; and as what we sow we wish to see flourish, this worthy landlord promised to get him a master; and as he deemed the best not better than La Fleur merited, he promised to recommend him to *un Milord Anglois*. He fortunately could perform as well as promise, and he introduced him to Sterne, ragged as a colt, but full of health and hilarity. The little picture which Sterne has drawn of La Fleur's amours is so far true—He was fond of a very pretty girl at Montreuil, the elder of two sisters, who, if living, he said, resembled the Maria of Moulins; her he afterwards married, and, whatever proof it might be of his affection, was none of his prudence, for it made him not a jot richer or happier than he was before. She was a mantua-maker, and her closest application could produce no more than *six sous* a-day; finding that her assistance could go little towards their support, and after having had a daughter by her, they separated, and he went to service. At length, with what money he had got together by his servitude, he returned to his wife, and they took a public-house in Royal-Street, Calais.—There ill luck attended him,—war broke out; and the loss of the English sailors, who navigated the packets, and who were his principal customers, so reduced his little business, that he was obliged again to quit his wife, and confide to her guidance the little trade which was insufficient to support them both. He returned in March, 1783, but his wife had fled. A strolling company of comedians passing through the town, had seduced her from her home, and no tale or tidings of her have ever since reached him. From the period he lost his wife, says our informant, he has frequently visited England, to whose natives he is extremely partial, sometimes as a sergeant, at others as an express. Where zeal and diligence were required, La Fleur was never yet wanting."

In addition to La Fleur's account of himself, (continues Mr. Davis) the writer of the preceding obtained from him several little circumstances relative to his master, as well as the characters depicted by him, a few of which, as they would lose by abridgment, I shall give *verbatim*.

"There were moments," said La Fleur, "in which my master appeared sunk into the deepest dejection—when his calls upon me for my services were so seldom, that I sometimes apprehensively pressed in upon his privacy, to suggest what I thought might divert his melancholy. He used to smile at my well-meant zeal, and I could see was happy to be relieved. At others, he seemed to have received a new soul—he launched into the levity natural à

mon pays," said La Fleur, "and cried gaily enough, '*Vive la Bagatelle!*' It was in one of those moments that he became acquainted with the Grisette at the glove shop—she afterwards visited him at his lodgings, upon which La Fleur made not a single remark; but on naming the *fille de chambre*, his other visitant, he exclaimed, 'It was certainly a pity she was so pretty and *petite.*'"

The lady mentioned under the initial L. was the Marquise Lamberti; to the interest of this lady he was indebted for the passport, which began to make him seriously uneasy. Count de B. (Breuil) notwithstanding the Shakspeare, La Fleur thinks, would have troubled himself little about him. Choiseul was Minister at the time.

" *Poor Maria*

Was, alas! no fiction.—When we came up to her, she was groveling in the road like an infant, and throwing the dust upon her head—and yet few were more lovely. Upon Sterne's accosting her with tenderness, and raising her in his arms, she collected herself, and resumed some composure—told him her tale of misery, and wept upon his breast—my master sobbed aloud. I saw her gently disengage herself from his arms, and she sung him the service to the Virgin; my poor master covered his face with his hands, and walked by her side to the cottage where she lived; there he talked earnestly to the old woman."

"Every day," said La Fleur, "while we stayed there, I carried them meat and drink from the hotel, and when we departed from Moulines, my master left his blessings and some money with the mother."—"How much," added he, "I know not—he always gave more than he could afford."

Sterne was frequently at a loss upon his travels for ready money. Remittances were become interrupted by war, and he had wrongly estimated his expenses; he had reckoned along the post-roads, without adverting to the wretchedness that was to call upon him in his way.

At many of our stages my master has turned to me with tears in his eyes—"These poor people oppress me, La Fleur; how shall I relieve them?" He wrote much, and to a late hour. I told La Fleur of the inconsiderable quantity he had published; he expressed extreme surprise. "I know," said he, "upon our return from this tour, there was a large trunk completely filled with papers." "Do you know any thing of their tendency; La Fleur?" "Yes; they were miscellaneous remarks upon the manners of the different nations he visited; and in Italy he was deeply engaged in making the most elaborate inquiries into the differing governments of the towns, and the characteristic peculiarities of the Italians of the various states."

To effect this, he read much; for the collections of the Patrons of Literature were open to him; he observed more. Singular as

it may seem, Sterne endeavoured in vain to speak Italian. His valet acquired it on their journey; but his master, though he applied now and then, gave it up at length as unattainable.—“I the more wondered at this,” said La Fleur, “as he must have understood Latin.”

The assertion, sanctioned by Johnson, that Sterne was licentious and dissolute in conversation, stands thus far contradicted by the testimony of La Fleur. “His conversation with women,” he said, “was of the most interesting kind; he usually left them serious, if he did not find them so.”

The Dead Ass

Was no invention. The mourner was as simple and affecting as Sterne has related. La Fleur recollected the circumstance perfectly.

To Monks

Sterne never exhibited any particular sympathy. La Fleur remembered several pressing in upon him, to all of whom his answer was the same—*Mon père, je suis occupé. Je suis pauvre comme vous.*

In February, 1768, Laurence Sterne, his frame exhausted by long debilitating illness, expired at his lodgings in Bond Street, London. There was something in the manner of his death singularly resembling the particulars detailed by Mrs. Quickly, as attending that of Falstaff, the compeer of Yorick for infinite jest, however unlike in other particulars. As he lay on his bed totally exhausted, he complained that his feet were cold, and requested the female attendant to chafe them. She did so, and it seemed to relieve him. He complained that the cold came up higher; and whilst the assistant was in the act of chafing his ancles and legs, he expired without a groan. It was also remarkable that his death took place much in the manner which he himself had wished; and that the last offices were rendered him, not in his own house, or by the hand of kindred affection, but in an inn, and by strangers.

We are well acquainted with Sterne's features and personal appearance, to which he himself frequently alludes. He was tall and thin, with a hectic and consumptive appearance. His features, though capable of expressing with peculiar effect the sentimental emotions by which he was often affected, had also a shrewd, humorous, and sarcastic expression, proper to the wit, and the satirist. His conversation was animated, and witty; but Johnson complained that it was marked by license, better suiting the company of the Lord of Crazy Castle, than of the great moralist. It has been said, and probably with truth, that his temper was variable and unequal, the natural consequence of irritable temperament, and continued bad health. But we will not readily believe that the

parent of Uncle Toby could be a harsh, or habitually a bad-humoured man. Sterne's letters to his friends, and especially to his daughter, breathe all the fondness of affection; and his resources, such as they were, seem to have been always at the command of those whom he loved.

If we consider Sterne's reputation as chiefly founded on *Tristram Shandy*, he must be considered as liable to two severe charges;—those, namely, of indecency, and of affectation. Upon the first accusation Sterne was himself peculiarly sore, and used to justify the licentiousness of his humour by representing it as a mere breach of decorum, which had no perilous consequence to morals. The following anecdote we have from a sure source. Soon after *Tristram* had appeared, Sterne asked a Yorkshire lady of fortune and condition whether she had read his book. "I have not, Mr. Sterne," was the answer; "and, to be plain with you, I am informed it is not proper for female perusal."—"My dear good lady," replied the author, "do not be gulled by such stories; the book is like your young heir there, (pointing to a child of three years old, who was rolling on the carpet in his white tunics) he shows at times a good deal that is usually concealed, but it is all in perfect innocence!" This witty excuse may be so far admitted; for it cannot be said that the licentious humour of *Tristram Shandy* is of the kind which applies itself to the passions, or is calculated to corrupt society. But it is a sin against taste, if allowed to be harmless as to morals. A handful of mud is neither a firebrand nor a stone; but to fling it about in sport, argues coarseness of taste, and want of common manners.

Sterne, however, began and ended by braving the censure of the world in this particular. A remarkable passage in one of his letters shows how lightly he was disposed to esteem the charge; and what is singular enough, his plan for turning it into ridicule seems to have been serious. "Crebillon (*le fils*) has made a convention with me, which, if he is not too lazy, will be no bad *persiflage*. As soon as I get to Toulouse, he has agreed to write me an exposulatory letter on the indecencies of T. Shandy—which is to be answered by recrimination upon the liberties in his own work. These are to be printed together—Crebillon against Sterne—Sterne against Crebillon—the copy to be sold, and the money equally divided: this is good Swiss policy."

In like manner, the greatest admirers of Sterne must own, that his style is affected, eminently, and in a degree which even his wit and pathos are inadequate to support. The style of Rabelais, which he assumed for his model, is to the highest excess rambling, excursive, and intermingled with the greatest absurdities. But Rabelais was in some measure compelled to adopt this Harlequin's habit, in order that, like licensed jesters, he might, under the cover of his folly, have permission to vent his satire against church and state. Sterne assumed the manner of his master, only as a mode of attracting attention, and of making the public stare; and, there-

fore, his extravagancies, like those of a feigned madman, are cold and forced, even in the midst of his most irregular flights. A man may, in the present day, be, with perfect impunity, as wise or as witty as he can, without assuming the cap and bells of the ancient jester as an apology; and that Sterne chose voluntarily to appear under such a disguise, must be set down as mere affectation, and ranked with the tricks of black or marbled pages, as used merely *ad captandum vulgus*. All popularity thus founded, carries in it the seeds of decay; for eccentricity in composition, like fantastic modes of dress, however attractive when first introduced, is sure to be caricatured by stupid imitators, to become soon unfashionable, and of course to be neglected.

If we proceed to look more closely into the manner of composition which Sterne thought proper to adopt, we find a sure guide in the ingenious Dr. Ferriar of Manchester, who, with most singular patience, has traced our author through the hidden sources whence he borrowed most of his learning, and many of his most striking and peculiar expressions. Rabelais (much less read than spoken of), the lively but licentious miscellany called *Moyen de Parvenir*, and D'Aubigne's, *Baron de Fæneſte*, with many other forgotten authors of the sixteenth century, were successively laid under contribution. Burton's celebrated work on Melancholy, (which Dr. Ferriar's Essay instantly raised to double price in the book-market,) afforded Sterne an endless mass of quotations, with which he unscrupulously garnished his pages, as if they had been collected in the course of his own extensive reading. The style of the same author, together with that of Bishop Hall, furnished the author of *Tristram* with many of those whimsical expressions, similes, and illustrations, which were long believed the genuine effusions of his own eccentric wit. For proofs of this sweeping charge we must refer the readers to Dr. Ferriar's well known Essay and Illustrations, as he delicately terms them, of Sterne's Writings, in which it is clearly shown, that he, whose manner and style were so long thought original, was, in fact, the most unhesitating plagiarist who ever cribbed from his predecessors in order to garnish his own pages. It must be owned, at the same time, that Sterne selects the materials of his mosaic work with so much art, places them so well, and polishes them so highly, that in most cases we are disposed to pardon the want of originality, in consideration of the exquisite talent with which the borrowed materials are wrought up into the new form.

One of Sterne's most singular thefts, considering the tenor of the passage stolen, is his declamation against literary depredators of his own class: "Shall we," says Sterne, "for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new medicines, by pouring only out of one vessel into another? Are we forever to be twisting and untwisting the same rope—forever in the same track? forever at the same pace?" The words of Burton are, "As apothecaries, we make new mixtures, every day pour out of one vessel into another; and

as the Romans robbed all the cities in the world to set out their bad-sited Rome, we skim the cream of other men's wits, pick the choice flowers of their till'd gardens, to set out our own sterile plots. We weave the same web, still twist the same rope again and again." We cannot help wondering at the coldness with which Sterne could transfer to his own work so eloquent a tirade against the very arts which he was practising.

Much has been said about the right of an author to avail himself of his predecessors' labours; and, certainly, in a general sense, he that revives the wit and learning of a former age, and puts it into the form likely to captivate his own, confers a benefit on his contemporaries. But to plume himself with the very language and phrases of former writers, and to pass their wit and learning for his own, was the more unworthy in Sterne, as he had enough of original talent, had he chosen to exert it, to have dispensed with all such acts of literary petty larceny.

Tristram Shandy is no narrative, but a collection of scenes, dialogues, and portraits, humorous or affecting, intermixed with much wit, and with much learning, original or borrowed. It resembles the irregularities of a Gothic room, built by some fanciful collector, to contain the miscellaneous remnants of antiquity which his pains have accumulated, and bearing as little proportion in its parts, as the pieces of rusty armour with which it is decorated. Viewing it in this light, the principal figure is Mr. Shandy the elder, whose character is formed in many respects upon that of Martinus Scriblerus. The history of Martin was designed by the celebrated club of wits, by whom it was commenced, as a satire upon the ordinary pursuits of learning and science. Sterne, on the contrary, had no particular object of ridicule; his business was only to create a person, to whom he could attach the great quantity of extraordinary reading, and antiquated learning, which he had collected. He, therefore, supposed in Mr. Shandy a man of an active and metaphysical, but at the same time a whimsical cast of mind, whom too much and too miscellaneous learning had brought within a step or two of madness, and who acts in the ordinary affairs of life upon the absurd theories adopted by the pedants of past ages. He is most admirably contrasted with his wife, well described as a good lady of the true *poco-curante* school, who neither obstructed the progress of her husband's hobbyhorse, to use a phrase which Sterne has rendered classical, nor could be prevailed upon to spare him the least admiration for the grace and dexterity with which he managed it.

Yorick, the lively, witty, sensitive, and heedless Parson, is the well known personification of Sterne himself, and undoubtedly, like every portrait of himself drawn by a master of the art, bore a strong resemblance to the original. Still, however, there are shades of simplicity thrown into the character of Yorick, which did not exist in that of Sterne. We cannot believe, that the jests of the latter were so void of malice prepense, or that his satire entirely

flowed out of honesty of mind and mere jocundity of humour. It must be owned, moreover, that Sterne was more like to have stolen a passage out of Stevinus if he could have found one to his purpose, than to have left one of his manuscripts in the volume, with the careless indifference of Yorick. Still, however, we gladly recognise the general likeness between the author and the child of his fancy, and willingly pardon the pencil, which, in the delicate task of self-delineation, has softened some traits and improved others.

Uncle Toby, with his faithful Squire, the most delightful characters in the work, or perhaps in any other, are drawn with such a pleasing force and discrimination, that they more than entitle the author to a free pardon for his literary speculations, his indecorum, and his affectation; nay authorize him to leave the court of criticism not forgiven only, but applauded and rewarded, as one who has exalted and honoured humanity, and impressed upon his readers such a lively picture of kindness and benevolence, blended with courage, gallantry, and simplicity, that their hearts must be warmed by, whenever it is recalled to memory. Sterne, indeed, might boldly plead in his own behalf, that the passages which he borrowed from others were of little value, in comparison to those which are exclusively original; and that the former might have been written by many persons, while in his own proper line he stands alone and inimitable. Something of extravagance may, perhaps, attach to Uncle Toby's favourite amusements. Yet in England, where men think and act with little regard to the ridicule or censure of their neighbours, there is no impossibility, perhaps no great improbability in supposing, that a humorist might employ such a mechanical aid as my Uncle's bowling-green, in order to encourage and assist his imagination, in the pleasing but delusive task of castle-building. Men have been called children of a larger growth, and among the antic toys and devices with which they are amused, the device of my Uncle, with whose pleasures we are so much disposed to sympathize, does not seem so unnatural upon reflection as it may appear at first sight.

It is well known (through Dr. Ferriar's labours) that Dr. Slop, with all his obstetrical engines, may be identified with Dr. Burton of York, who published a treatise of Midwifery, in 1751. This person, as we have elsewhere noticed, was on bad terms with Sterne's uncle; and though there had come strife and unkindness between the uncle and the nephew, yet the latter seems to have retained aversion against the enemy of the former. But Sterne, being no politician, had forgiven the Jacobite, and only persecutes the Doctor with his raillery, as a quack and a Catholic.

It is needless to dwell longer on a work so generally known. The style employed by Sterne is fancifully ornamented, but at the same time vigorous and masculine, and full of that animation and force which can only be derived by an intimate acquaintance with the early English prose-writers. In the power of approaching and

touching the finer feelings of the heart, he has never been excelled, if indeed he has ever been equalled; and may be at once recorded as one of the most affected, and one of the most simple writers,—as one of the greatest plagiarists, and one of the most original geniuses, whom England has produced. Dr. Ferriar, who seemed born to trace and detect the various mazes through which Sterne carried on his depredations upon ancient and dusty authors, apologizes for the rigour of his inquest, by doing justice to those merits which were peculiarly our author's own. We cannot better close this article than with the sonnet in which his ingenious inquisitor makes the amende honourable to the shade of Yorick.

“Sterne, for whose sake I plod through miry ways,
Of antique wit and quibbling mazes drear,
Let not thy shade malignant censure fear,
Though aught of borrowed mirth my search betrays.
Long slept that mirth in dust of ancient days;
(Erewhile to Guise or wanton Valois dear)
Till waked by thee in Skelton's joyous pile,
She flung on Tristram her capricious rays;
But the quick tear that checks our wondering smile,
In sudden pause or unexpected story,
Owns thy true mastery—and Le Fevre's woes,
Maria's wanderings, and the Prisoner's throes,
Fix thee conspicuous on the throne of glory.

FROM THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

Three Law Tracts, by Sir EDWARD COKE, Knight, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. By WILLIAM HAWKINS, Sergeant at Law. 8vo. London, 1764.

WE entreat our readers not to be terrified at the “very grave and judicial” title which is prefixed to the present article, for we can safely assure them, that we have no intention of exercising their patience by a legal critique. In opposition to Sir Edward Coke, who has entitled his first institute “A Commentary upon Littleton, not upon the name of the Author only, but upon the Law itself;” our observations, on the present occasion, are upon the name itself, and not upon the law; and our object in the following pages is to present a succinct account of a man, whose character is in many respects well worthy of record. Had the interest attached to it, indeed, been derived merely from his professional reputation, we should certainly have regarded the following sketch of his life as very foreign to our pages. Although his name, in the estimation of our lawyers, occupies that pre-eminent rank, which in every science or profession is commonly accorded to some master-genius, yet the details of a mere lawyer's life would be little acceptable to any one out of the pale of the profession. In this country, however, many of those who have acted the most conspicuous parts on the political stage, have been men who have

filled the highest judicial situations of the state, and it has been by no means unusual to discover, under the wig and ermine of the judge, the intriguing head of the politician and the habits of the courtier. How unfavourable to the purity of the judicial character this political tendency must be, is sufficiently obvious; but while, in many instances, it has been productive of corruption and subserviency, in others it has served to display in clearer light the integrity and firmness which can resist both the blandishments and the threats of power. In our legal biography, we have many illustrious examples of men who have withstood both the one and the other; and although the character of Sir Edward Coke be not, in some respects, free from considerable reproach, yet we shall not find one, amongst all the ornaments of our courts of justice, more truly entitled to the praise of uniting the most profound learning with the strictest integrity of principle in public life. But, independently of his connexion with the political history of his times, the personal character of Lord Chief Justice Coke is by no means unworthy of study. The man who could excite the fear and enmity of Bacon must have possessed no ordinary claims to distinction.

Sir Edward Coke was the son of Robert Coke, esq. a bencher of Lincoln's Inn, and was born at Mileham, in the county of Norfolk, in the year 1550. At the age of ten, he was sent to the free-school at Norwich, and afterwards to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he remained about four years. From Cambridge, he was removed to Clifford's Inn, and the following year became a student of the Inner Temple. After studying for six years, a short prolation at that time, he was called to the bar, and held his first brief in the Queen's Bench, in Trinity term, 1578. About seven years after his being called, he married Bridget, the daughter of John Paxton, esq. a gentleman of an ancient family in Norfolk, with whom he received a large fortune, which gave him considerable influence in his native county. He was chosen Recorder of Coventry and Norwich, and being frequently consulted by the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, he rose rapidly into reputation and business. The freeholders of Norfolk returned him as their representative to Parliament; and, in the thirty-fifth of Elizabeth, he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons. In 1592, he became Solicitor, and was shortly afterwards advanced to the post of Attorney-General. Having lost his first wife, by whom he had ten children, he married the Lady Hatton, relict of Sir William Hatton, and sister of Lord Burleigh, afterwards Earl of Exeter. How unfortunate an union this was, will be seen in the sequel. The most important matter in which the Attorney-General was engaged during the reign of his royal mistress, was the prosecution of the celebrated Earl of Essex and the Earl of Southampton, before the House of Lords, for high treason. Upon this occasion, Coke conducted himself towards the prisoners with that rancour and animosity, which are the most discreditable parts of his character.

The Earl of Essex declared, that he had been talked out of his life by orators; while Southampton addressed the Attorney-General in these words—"Mr. Attorney, you have urged the matter very far, and you wrong me therein—my blood be upon your head." The bitterness of spirit which he always appears to have felt towards those against whom he was retained, prompted him to indulge in the most unfeeling taunts. Of Essex, he asserted, "that, by the just judgment of God, he of his earldom should be Robert the last, that of a kingdom thought to be Robert the first." There is, however, no reason to doubt that Coke was fully convinced of the guilt of the accused.

On the accession of James I. the Attorney-General was knighted, and in the same year was engaged in the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, and his companions. On this occasion, his conduct was still more violent and indecent than on the trial of Lord Essex, and has deeply stained a character which otherwise would have commanded our entire esteem. Into the difficult question of the guilt or innocence of Raleigh, we shall not enter; for whether guilty or innocent, a man of his high genius and signal reputation deserved to be treated with every mark of decency and feeling.

The following extracts present a fine contrast between the dignity of Raleigh and the angry heat of the Attorney-General.

"*Raleigh.* Your words cannot condemn me; my innocence is my defence. Prove one of these things wherewith you have charged me, and I will confess the whole indictment, and that I am the horriblest traitor that ever lived, and worthy to be crucified with a thousand thousand torments.

"*Attorney.* Nay, I will prove all: thou art a monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart. Now you must have money: Aremberg was no sooner in England (I charge thee, Raleigh,) but thou incitedst Cobham to go unto him, and to deal with him for money, to bestow on discontented persons to raise rebellion in the kingdom.

"*Raleigh.* Let me answer for myself.

"*Attorney.* Thou shalt not.

"*Raleigh.* It concerneth my life.

"*Raleigh.* I do not hear yet, that you have spoken one word against me; there is no treason of mine done; if my Lord Cobham be a traitor, what is that to me?

"*Attorney.* All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper; for I thou thee, thou traitor."

"*Raleigh.* It becomes not a man of quality and virtue to call me so: but I take comfort in it, it is all you can do.

"*Attorney.* Have I angered you?

"*Raleigh.* I am in no case to be angry."

When the impatience of Coke had proceeded so far, that Lord Cecil, one of the commissioners, interposed, and begged he would permit the prisoner to speak, "Mr. Attorney sate down in a chafe,

* It has been supposed, that Shakspeare alludes to this passage, where in *Twelfth Night* he makes Sir Toby tell Sir Andrew, who is about to challenge Viola, "If thou *thou'st* him some thrice it may not be amiss."

The judicial proceedings of their time furnished our elder dramatists with many hints. Ben Jonson appears to have borrowed largely in his *Epiene* from the proceedings in the case of the Earl and Countess of Essex.

and would speak no more, until the commissioners urged and entreated him, when, after much ado, he went on." Being interrupted by Sir Walter, he resumed his invectives.

"*Attorney.* Thou art the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived.

"*Raleigh.* You speak indiscreetly, barbarously, and uncivilly.

"*Attorney.* I want words to express thy viperous treasons.

"*Raleigh.* I think you want words, indeed, for you have spoken one thing half a dozen times.

"*Attorney.* Thou art an odious fellow, thy name is hateful to all the realm of England for thy pride.

"*Raleigh.* It will go near to prove a measuring cast between you and me, Mr. Attorney."

We have noticed elsewhere the very different manner in which, several years afterwards, Sir Edward Coke comported himself, when, as chief justice, he passed sentence of death upon the unfortunate Raleigh. Perhaps he was desirous, however late, of making some reparation for the harshness and cruelty of his former conduct.

"I know," said the chief justice, "you have been valiant and wise, and I doubt not but you retain both these virtues, for now you shall have occasion to use them. Your faith hath heretofore been questioned, but I am resolved you are a good Christian; for your book, which is an admirable work, doth testify as much. I would give you counsel, but I know you can apply unto yourself for better than I can give you. Yet will I (with the good neighbour in the gospel, who finding one in the way wounded and distressed, poured oil into his wounds, and refreshed him) give unto you the oil of comfort, though in respect that I am a minister of the law, mixed with vinegar."

The acute and comprehensive genius of Coke never displayed itself more conspicuously than in the examination and development of an obscure and complicated case. His industry, patience, and sagacity, admirably qualified him for the task of unravelling the dark conspiracies with which his times unfortunately abounded. His conduct in the prosecution of Sir Everard Digby and the other conspirators involved in the powder plot, has generally been considered a master-piece of forensic ability. From the unconnected style of some of his writings, the reader might be led to suppose, that his addresses at the bar partook of the same excursive tendency; but, on the contrary, we are assured, that the Earl of Salisbury, upon the trial of the gunpowder conspirators, asserted, "That the evidence had been so well distributed and opened by the attorney-general, that he never heard such a mass of matter better contracted, or made more intelligible to a jury."

The distinguished talents which Coke manifested upon this occasion led to his speedy promotion; and in June, 1606, he was called to the degree of serjeant, and raised to the highest seat in the Common Pleas. Sir Henry Hobart succeeded him in the post of attorney-general, and Sir Francis Bacon became the new solicitor. Office had been long the object of Bacon's ambition, and some years before this time he had endeavoured to obtain the appointment which was now bestowed upon him, but without effect. This failure he attributed, whether justly or not it is difficult to resolve,

to Sir Edward Coke; and hence arose an animosity, which appears to have been cherished with no common care. In a letter which he addressed to Coke, probably about the period when the latter was on the point of being raised to the bench, he expresses himself with much bitterness, and in the spirit of one who considers himself injured.

"I thought best," says he, "once for all, to let you know in plainness what I find of you, and what you shall find of me: you take to yourself a liberty to disgrace and disable my law, my experience, my discretion. * * * You are great, and therefore have the more enviers, which would be glad to have you paid at another's cost. Since the time I missed the solicitor's place (the rather, I think, by your means), I cannot expect that you and I shall ever serve as attorney and solicitor together; but either to serve with another upon your remove, or to step into some other course; so I am more free than ever I was from any occasion of unworthy conforming myself to you, more than general good manners, or your particular good usage, shall provoke; and if you had not been short-sighted in your own fortune (as I think), you might have had more use of me. But that side is passed. I write not this to show my friends what a brave letter I have written to Mr. Attorney, I have none of those humours. But that I have written it to a good end: that is, the more decent carriage of my master's service; and to our better understanding one of another."

The politic nature of Bacon easily enabled him to gain the confidence of his sovereign, before whom he prostrated one of the noblest intellects with which man was ever endowed. It was not, however, so light a task to render Sir Edward Coke subservient to the royal wishes, and all the ingenuity of Bacon was occasionally exerted to lead him in the proper course. An attempt of the kind was made in the case of one Peacham, in whose study certain papers had been found, which were supposed to be treasonable, and upon which the king was desirous of obtaining the private and extrajudicial opinion of the judges; a proceeding, to use the most lenient term, of the most doubtful propriety. Upon this occasion, the attorney-general, Sir Francis Bacon, undertook to procure the opinion of the chief justice of the King's Bench, to which station Coke had been raised in October, 1613, and in the attorney's letters to the king we have a full relation of the arts to which he was compelled to resort.

"For the course your majesty directeth and commandeth for the feeling of the judges of the King's Bench their several opinions, by distributing ourselves and enjoining secrecy, we did first find an encounter in the opinion of my Lord Coke, who seemed to affirm, that such particular and, as he called it, auricular talking of opinions, was not according to the custom of this realm, and seemed to divine that his brethren would never do it."

Bacon was not to be thus rebuffed, and having delivered the papers to the chief justice, he attempted to sound his opinion. Coke's legal caution and wariness are well described by the attorney.

"It is true, he heard me in a grave fashion more than accustomed, and took a pen and took notes of my divisions; and when he read the precedents and records would say this, you mean, falleth within your first, or your second division. In the end I expressly demanded his opinion, as that whereto both he and I were enjoined. But he desired me to have the precedents with him, that he might advise upon them. I told him, the rest of my fellows would despatch their parts, and I should

be behind with mine; which I persuaded myself your majesty would impute rather to his backwardness than to my negligence."

By this importunity the chief justice was prevailed upon to return an answer to the question proposed to him; but how little that answer was calculated to please the king, may be gathered from the terms in which it is spoken of by Bacon: "I send your majesty enclosed my Lord Coke's answers; I will not call them rescripts, much less oracles. They are of his own hand, and offered to me as they are in writing; though I am glad of it for mine own discharge."

The discovery of the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury afforded another opportunity for the display of Sir Edward Coke's peculiar tact in fathoming all the depths of a dark conspiracy. Upon this atrocious transaction coming to light, the investigation of it, in the first instance, was committed to the chief justice alone; but he, finding the names of many persons of rank and consequence involved, begged that certain noblemen might be joined with him in the commission, which was accordingly done. The zeal, industry, and ability, with which he conducted this examination, elicited praise even from his rival, Sir Francis Bacon; but his conduct upon the trial of the murderers, to which we adverted in a former article, has been the subject of much discussion. There appears to be no doubt, that considerable suspicion was entertained, at the time of the trial of the Earl and Countess of Somerset, for the murder of Overbury, that Prince Henry, the king's eldest son, had also perished by poison. We have attempted, in another place, to weigh the probabilities of that fact, and it will be sufficient at present to observe, that the mind of the chief justice himself does not appear to have been wholly free from those suspicions. The memoir writers of the day have asserted, that he uttered on these trials some imprudent and intemperate expressions relative to the prince's death, which were the cause of his subsequent disgrace. "The Lord Chief Justice Coke," says Wilson, in his *Life and Reign of King James I.*, "in his rhetorical flourishes, at his (Sir T. Monson's) arraignment, vented some expressions, as if he could discover more than the death of a private person, intimating, though not plainly, that Overbury's untimely remove had something in it of retaliation, as if he had been guilty of the same crime towards Prince Henry, blessing himself with admiration at the horror of such actions. In which he flew so high a pitch, that he was taken down by a court lure; Sir Thomas Monson's trial laid aside, and he soon afterwards set at liberty, and the chief justice's wings were clipped for it ever after." The same story is repeated by Weldon, in his *Court and Character of King James*, and with still more bitter reflections upon the chief justice. "It is verily believed, that when the king made those horrible imprecations upon himself, and deprecations of the judges, it was intended, that the law should run in its proper channel, but was stopped and put out of its course by the folly of that great clerk, Sir Edward

Coke, though no wise man, who, in a vain-glorious speech, to show his vigilance, entered into a rapture as he sat upon the bench, saying, *God knows what became of that sweet babe, Prince Henry, but I know somewhat*; and surely, in searching the cabinets, he lighted upon some papers which spake plain in that which was even whispered, which, had he gone on in a gentle way, would have fallen in of themselves not to have been prevented; but this folly of his tongue, stopped the breath of the discovery of that so foul a murder, which, I fear, cries still for vengeance." It is true, that in the printed report of the trial, we find no mention of these "vain-glorious speeches," and on this ground, as well as upon that of the improbability of the charge, the writer of the very excellent article on Sir Edward Coke, in the *Biographia Britannica*, to whom, in sketching the present memoir, we have been largely indebted, imagines the statements of Watson and Weldon to be erroneous. "But besides all this," adds the same writer, "we have several letters of Sir Francis Bacon's to the king upon this subject, in which he is far enough from magnifying the chief justice's conduct, and yet not a word in them of these intemperate speeches." Now although it may be admitted, that Bacon does not allude to the expressions which are supposed to have dropt upon this occasion from the chief justice, yet he insinuates to the king, in more than one place, that Coke was aiming at the discovery of something beyond the guilt of the murderers of Overbury. We would refer more particularly to the notes which were made by Bacon for the information of the king, in which he seems to hint, that the chief justice was very eager that some further investigation should take place. The attorney-general is recounting the evidence which he intended to offer on the trial of the Earl of Somerset.

"I shall also give in evidence, in this place, the slight account of that letter, which was brought to Somerset by Ashton, being found in the fields soon after the late prince's death, and was directed to Antwerp, containing these words: 'that the first branch was cut from the tree, and that he should, ere long, send happier and joyfuller news.'

"Which is a matter I would not use, but that my Lord Coke, who hath filled this part with many frivolous things, would think all lost, except he bear somewhat of this kind. But this it is to come to the bearings of a business."

The result of these trials was the conviction and execution of the prisoners, with the exception of the Earl and Countess of Somerset, who were pardoned, and even pensioned by the king.

The firmness and integrity of the chief justice were never more advantageously displayed than in the great case of the *commendams*. For our present purpose it will be sufficient to state, that in that case the king had been informed, that certain positions had been laid down by the counsel, in arguing a cause before the King's Bench, injurious to the royal prerogative. The attorney general, Sir Francis Bacon, was accordingly ordered to notify to the chief justice the king's express pleasure, that the cause should proceed

no further, until his majesty should have been consulted thereon. This was done by letter on the 25th of April, 1616. Coke, however, requested, that a similar order might issue to his brother judges, which being done, they all assembled, and certified to the king, that the letters received by them were contrary to the law and their oaths. They insisted, that the case was one between subject and subject, and depended upon the construction of certain acts of parliament, which they were bound to expound uprightly and faithfully. In reply to this representation, James addressed to the judges a letter, which bears throughout evident marks of his own princely hand. He informed his trusty and well-beloved counsellors, that they might have spared their labour in informing him of the nature of their oath, for although he had never studied the common law of England, yet he was not ignorant of any points which it belonged to a king to know—that he would not suffer the prerogative royal of his crown to be wounded through the sides of a private person, and that he, therefore, admonished them, that since the prerogative had been more boldly dealt withal in Westminster Hall during the time of his reign than ever it was before in the reigns of divers princes immediately preceding him, he would no longer endure that popular and unlawful liberty. In conclusion, he did, out of his absolute authority royal, command the judges to forbear to meddle any farther in this plea till he came to town, and that out of his own mouth they should hear his pleasure in this business. On the 6th of June all the judges were summoned to appear before the privy council, where the king read them a severe lecture on the errors of their conduct in this affair, “which his majesty did set forth to be both in matter and manner.” With regard to the form of their representation, all the judges upon their knees acknowledged that they had erred, and humbly prayed his majesty’s gracious favour and pardon; but as far as respected the matter of the letter, Sir Edward Coke nobly entered into a defence of it, affirming that the postponement required by the king was a delay of justice, and contrary to law and the judges’ oaths; and that no point of prerogative would have arisen upon the case. The king replied, that for the judges to decide whether his prerogative was concerned or not without consulting him, was “preposterous management,” and Bacon, with the other king’s counsel, was ordered to argue these points. The chief justice then insisted, that it was highly improper that the counsel should dispute with the judges; but upon Bacon applying to the king, his majesty affirmed that it was the duty of his counsel so to argue, and that he would maintain them therein. Coke observed, that he would not dispute with his majesty, to which James replied, “that the judges would not dispute with him, and that his counsel might not with them, so that whether they did well or ill, it must not be disputed.” The lord chancellor then gave his opinion, that the king’s request was not illegal, whereupon the following question was propounded to each of the judges: “Whether if at any time, in a case depending

before them, which his majesty conceived to concern him either in power or in profit, and thereupon required to consult with them, that they should stay proceeding in the meantime, they ought not to stay accordingly?" With the single exception of Sir Edward Coke, all the judges acknowledged that it was their duty so to do, and even promised, that they would not only abstain from speaking any thing themselves to weaken his majesty's prerogative of commendams, but would directly, and in plain terms, affirm the same, and would correct the erroneous and bold speeches at the bar, in derogation of the royal privileges. The reply of the lord chief justice was, "that when that case should be, he would do that should be fit for a judge to do"—a noble answer, becoming the high situation which he filled. When the judges had thus submitted, James, after exhorting them in his usual style, gave them permission to proceed in the cause, and dismissed them. The opinion of the council was then taken; and the supple courtiers, far from entertaining any of the doubts which had staggered the judges, declared, that so far was the king's request from any colour of such shadow or interpretation as had been put upon it, that "it was against common sense to think the contrary."

The odium into which, in all probability, this conduct brought the chief justice at court, was farther increased by the dispute in which he involved himself with the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, with regard to the authority of their respective courts. The dislike contracted by James to the common law is well known. This distaste Bacon had endeavoured to increase, by prejudicing the king's mind in favour of the court of chancery, which, in one of his letters to him, he calls "the court of his absolute power." The king, therefore, became exceedingly jealous of any attempts to circumscribe his favourite jurisdiction. The dispute between the courts arose in the following manner. The defendant, in a cause in the King's Bench, prevailed upon the plaintiff's principal witness not to attend, and in order more completely to incapacitate him from giving his evidence, one of the defendant's agents carried the man to a tavern, called for a gallon of sack, and bade the witness drink. No sooner did the latter touch the flagon with his lips, than the defendant's agent quitted the room. The cause came on, and the witness was called, upon which the court was informed that he was unable to appear; and to prove this, the defendant's agent was called, who deposed, *that he left the witness in such a condition, that if he continued in it but a quarter of an hour he was a dead man.* From the want of this man's testimony the plaintiff failed in his cause, and the defendant had a verdict. To impeach the judgment thus fraudulently obtained, the plaintiff exhibited his bill in the Court of Chancery for relief, to which the defendants refused to put in an answer, and were committed for their contempt. In return for this the defendants preferred two indictments against the plaintiff, founded upon the statutes of 27 Edw. 3, c. 1. and 4 Henry 4, c. 23. for impeaching the judgments

given in the King's Bench, but, notwithstanding the charge of the judge, the bills were thrown out. The king having received intelligence of this transaction, desired Bacon to lay the merits of the case before him, and the attorney-general accordingly addressed a letter to his majesty, containing a full exposition of the whole affair. He censures Sir Edward Coke very severely, for choosing this time to question the power of the Court of Chancery.

"On the other side, this great and public affront, not only to the reverend and well-deserving person of your chancellor, (and at a time when he was thought to be dying, which was barbarous,) but to your High Court of Chancery, which is the court of your absolute power, may not, in my opinion, pass lightly, nor end only in some formal atonement."

At the same time Bacon advised the king, that Coke ought not, at this time, to be disgraced. Nothing can be more artful and subtle than this part of his letter :

"But for that which may concern your service, which is my end, (leaving other men to their own ways:) first, my opinion is plainly, that my Lord Coke, at this time, is not to be disgraced; both because he is so well habituate to that which remaineth of these capital causes, and also for that which I find is in his breast, touching your finances and the matter of your estate. And (if I might speak it) as I think it were good his hopes were at an end in some kind, so I could wish they were raised in some other."

Now at this very period, when the illness of Sir Thomas Ellesmere, the Lord Chancellor, rendered it probable, that the wool-sack would soon be vacant, Bacon was straining every nerve to secure it to himself. Sir Edward Coke was his most formidable rival, and he therefore seized with avidity the present opportunity of destroying his pretensions to the office. To disgrace him at this time would be improper, because it would leave the seat of chief justice vacant, with which James might think it sufficient to reward his faithful attorney; but, by retaining Coke in his office, *and putting an end to his hopes in some kind*, or, in other words, by crushing his pretensions to the seals, Bacon knew that he should rid himself of the only competitor whom he had any cause to dread. In his letter to the king, soliciting the chancellorship, he explicitly states his objections against the appointment of the chief justice; and it is highly creditable to the character of the latter, that all his opponent's sagacity was unable to discover any other fault, which unfitted him for that high office, than his "over-ruling nature."

"If you take my Lord Coke, this will follow: first, your majesty shall put an over-ruling nature into an over-ruling place, which may breed an extreme: next, you shall blunt his industries, in matters of finances, which seemeth to aim at another place."

It is in this letter, that Bacon has the incredible meanness to tell the king, that, as for himself, he could only present his majesty, with *gloria in obsequio*.*

* Miss Aikin, in her valuable *Memoirs of James I.*, after citing a portion of this letter, follows it up by observing, that the *gloria in obsequio*, of which Bacon here makes his boast, is expressed with peculiar energy in another letter, in which he

It does not appear what part the chief justice, in particular, took in this affair, or in what manner he rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the monarch; indeed, from an expression in Bacon's letter, it should seem, that he only acted in the ordinary discharge of his duty.

"Your majesty," says Bacon, "may not see it, but I confess it to be suspicious, that my Lord Coke was any way beforehand privy to that which was done, or that he did set or animate it: but only took the matter as it came before him; and that his error was only, that at such a time he did not divest it in some good manner."

Whatever may have been the conduct of Coke, it is certain, that he was proceeded against with the greatest rigour. On the 26th of July, 1616, he was cited before the privy council, and on his presenting himself, on his knees, at the board, he was charged "with certain acts and speeches wherewith his majesty was unsatisfied, in number, three." 1. With having attempted to defraud the crown, with regard to a debt due from Sir Christopher Hatton; but of this charge he afterwards proved himself innocent. 2. That he had uttered speeches of high contempt in the seat of justice. 3. That his carriage, in the presence of his majesty, the privy council, and judges, had been uncomely and undutiful.

The second charge related to the dispute between the courts of chancery and common law, and the chief justice was now accused of "giving too much heart and encouragement to that cause." The third charge was divided into two heads: first, that Coke had disputed the rights of the king's counsel to argue against the judges in the case of commendams; and, secondly, that in the same case he had dissented from the rest of the judges, who, upon the question put to them as before mentioned, had submitted themselves to the king's pleasure. In answer to these charges, the chief justice said, that he would begin with the last, and that as to that, he acknowledged himself in error, and submitted himself; that with respect to the question propounded to the judges, it yielded many particulars, which suddenly occurring to his mind, caused him to make his answer, "that when the time should be, he would do that which should become an honest and just judge." In reply to the second charge, of having on the bench spoken words of high contempt, he admitted, that the words in question were spoken by him, but on another occasion; and he said, that he would never maintain a difference between the two courts, nor bring it into question, and yet, if it were an error, he might say *erravimus cum patribus*. He then defended his expressions, by citing several authorities, but concluded, by saying, that, for the future, no such opposition to the jurisdiction of the chancery should be permitted.

On the 30th of June, the chief justice again presented himself,

is not ashamed to say to the king, "I am afraid of nothing, but that the master of the horse, your excellent servant, and I, shall fall out who shall hold your stirrup best." It should be observed, that this phrase is only used figuratively by Bacon, who adds, "but were your majesty mounted and seated without difficulties and distastes in your business, as I desire," &c. *Bacon's Works*, v. 389.

on his knees, at the council-table, when Secretary Winwood informed him, that his majesty was by no means satisfied with his answers, but that, out of regard to his former services, he was pleased not to deal heavily with him, and had therefore decreed, 1. That he should be sequestered from the council table until his majesty's further pleasure. 2. That he should forbear to ride his summer circuit as judge of assize; and 3. That during his vacation, while he had time to live privately, and dispose of himself at home, he should review his books of Reports, wherein his majesty had been informed that many exorbitant and extravagant opinions were set down and published as good law. Amongst other things, that the king was not pleased with the title of those books, wherein Sir Edward Coke had styled himself Lord Chief Justice of England, whereas he was only entitled to be called Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. To this harsh sentence the chief justice is said to have answered, that he did, in all humility, prostrate himself to his majesty's good pleasure; that he acknowledged the decree to be just, and proceeding rather from his majesty's mercy, than his justice. As though this degradation were not sufficient, the lord treasurer, gladly availing himself of an opportunity to insult a man who had lost the royal favour, informed him, that he had one more circumstance to mention, the cognizance of which properly belonged to the Earl Marshal, viz. that his coachman used to ride bareheaded before him, which was more than he could any ways assume or challenge to himself, and he required him to forbear it for the future. Compelled to notice this ridiculous charge, the chief justice replied, that the coachman did it only for his own ease, and not by his commandment. In October following, Coke was brought before the chancellor, and prohibited from entering Westminster Hall; and, on the 15th of November, he was succeeded, in the office of chief justice, by Sir Henry Mountague. He is said to have received the writ of *supersedeas* "with dejection and tears."

The address of the lord chancellor to the new chief justice, on his being sworn in, throws some light upon the causes which led to the dismissal of his predecessor. In the first place, Sir Henry was informed, that it is dangerous in a monarchy, for a man holding a high and eminent place, to be *ambitiously popular*. He was next counselled to follow the example of his grandfather, who had also been chief justice, but had never arrogated to himself the title of *capitalis Justiciarius Angliæ*; who had never, by absurd and inept new constructions, strained the statute of Ed. III. to reach the Chancery: and who had never made *teste Edwardo Mountague* to juggle with *teste meipso*. The chancellor also informed him, that he doubted not but if the king, by his writ under the great seal, commanded the judges that they should not proceed *Rege inconsulto*, they were bound dutifully to obey.—Lastly, he had him remember the removing and putting down of his late predecessor, and by whom. From this address may be gathered the professed,

and probably the true reasons which led to the degradation of Sir Edward Coke; but, in addition to these, there were some private motives, which undoubtedly influenced that measure. The place of chief clerk of the court of King's Bench, at that period worth about £4000 per annum, was at the disposal of the chief justice, who, it is said, had made an arrangement with the favourite, Somerset, respecting the profits of the office. On the rise of Sir George Villiers, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, an overture was made to Coke to admit two trustees for the new favourite, to which the chief justice replied, that he was old and could not struggle. However, on the office becoming vacant, it was evident that Coke had no intention of so unworthily disposing of it; and this circumstance, in all probability, hastened his dismissal from the bench. Against this combination of public and private jealousies, Sir Edward Coke could not hope to maintain himself.

Hitherto we have seen little of Coke's domestic history; but soon after his disgrace, some circumstances occurred in his family which rendered his private affairs the subject of public curiosity and discussion. A coolness having arisen between Sir Francis Bacon and Secretary Winwood, the latter, desirous of humbling his adversary, imagined that he could adopt no surer means to attain that object, than by procuring the restoration of the late chief justice to the royal favour. He therefore applied to Coke to sanction a marriage between his daughter, Frances Coke, and Sir John Villiers, the eldest brother of the favourite, now raised to the title of Earl of Buckingham. To this marriage, when proposed to him at a former period, Coke had expressed himself averse; but his scruples appear to have been overcome by his reverse of fortune, and he gave his consent to the match. But to prevent this union, no common exertions were made. Bacon, foreseeing in an alliance between his old rival and the favourite, the ruin of his own hopes, opposed the measure with a violence and indiscretion, which could scarcely have been expected from him. He addressed a letter to Buckingham, in which he urged every argument against the match, which he imagined likely to influence the mind of the favourite. To the king, he also expressed himself very fully, dissuading him from suffering the affair to proceed; but adding, with the marvellous subserviency which distinguished him, that if the king was resolved that the match should go on, he then desired to receive his particular will and commandments, that he might conform himself thereto, imagining (though he would not wager on women's minds) that he could more prevail with the mother than any other man. The Lady Hatton, indeed, probably from a spirit of opposition to her husband, was strongly opposed to the marriage, which, it is said, did not meet with the approbation of the young lady herself. Lady Hatton, determined not to yield in a matter which concerned her prerogative as a wife and a mother, secretly conveyed the daughter away, and concealed her in the house of Sir Edmund Withpole, near Otlands. As soon as Sir Edward had discovered

the place of her retreat, he wrote to Buckingham to procure a warrant from the privy council, for the restoration of his daughter; but, being too impatient to wait for a reply, in company with his sons he went to Sir Edmund Withpole's house, and brought back his daughter by force. Bacon, for this pretended offence, prevailed upon Yelverton, the attorney-general, to file an information in the Star-Chamber, against Coke; all proceedings in which were, however, suspended by an order from court. A reconciliation was effected between Sir Edward and his lady; and Bacon, finding that Buckingham, and consequently the king, were determined to prosecute the match, applied himself to the forwarding of it, with the same devotion with which he had formerly opposed it. On the return of the king from Scotland, Sir Edward Coke was admitted to his presence, and was soon afterwards restored to his seat at the council-table. The marriage between his daughter and Sir John Villiers was celebrated at Hampton Court, with all imaginable splendour.

The disputes between Coke and his lady, who was a woman of a most violent and ungovernable temper, were a subject of public notoriety and scandal. Upon one occasion, when she entertained the king at her house in Holburn, she is said to have given strict orders that neither Sir Edward, nor any of his servants, should be admitted. To such a pitch did her intemperate conduct carry her, that she was committed to custody for a libel upon her husband. The liberal settlement which she made upon her daughter, procured her release.

Although Sir Edward Coke was thus restored to favour, he received no other appointment than that of privy counsellor; but had he been of a malignant disposition, that office would have enabled him to gratify it in the fullest manner, for nearly all his greatest enemies were successively brought to the council-table, for various misdemeanours. The Lord Treasurer Suffolk and his lady were disgraced for corruption; Sir Henry Yelverton was sentenced to fine and imprisonment, for certain delinquencies; and lastly, the Lord Chancellor Bacon was convicted of bribery, and disgraced. To the honour of Sir Edward Coke, who was one of the committee appointed to prepare the charges against the chancellor, he displayed great moderation and forbearance, in his conduct towards his fallen enemy.

It was about this period, that the house of commons began to assume that bold and independent tone, to which the progress of liberal opinions, and the improving state of society, entitled it. Popular grievances were discussed with freedom, and it was evident that the voice of the people was not to be checked at the pleasure of the sovereign, as it had been in the time of the Tudors. Sir Edward Coke had long been a member of the house, and was much respected both for his talents and integrity. The part which he acted well became him as a constitutional lawyer, and he strenuously upheld the authority of parliament, and the privileges of the

commons. On the 6th of February, 1620, a debate of great importance came on, in which the infringement of liberty of speech and other grievances were considered. Upon this occasion, Coke expressed himself with great warmth against the power assumed by the crown, of dispensing with acts of parliament by the royal proclamation.

When the privileges of the commons again came in question, in the case of Sir Edwin Sands, Coke took so active a part in the dispute, that, on the 27th of December, 1621, he was committed to the Tower; and his chambers in the Temple were broken open, in order that his papers might be examined. On the 6th of January following, he was once more called before the privy council, and charged with having concealed certain papers in the case of the Earl of Somerset; a groundless imputation, as it should seem, from the circumstance of his being soon afterwards released from custody, although he was again dismissed from the council-table, with strong marks of the king's displeasure. As the conduct of Sir Edward Coke, in the house of commons, was by no means agreeable to James's notions of good government, he was appointed, together with Sir Edwin Sands, and some other obnoxious persons, a commissioner to inquire into the state of Ireland, although he does not appear to have been called upon to execute the duties of his office. On the death of James, and the accession of his son, Coke was appointed sheriff of Buckinghamshire, in order to prevent his appearance in the house of commons; but in the parliament of 1628, he was returned for that county, and distinguished himself greatly by his zealous exertions in favour of the liberty of the subject. This, indeed, is the most brilliant portion of Coke's laborious and honourable life. He saw with regret and indignation the attempts which the crown was making to intrench upon the privileges of the commons, and through them upon the rights of the people; and he resolutely opposed those measures with all the weight of his high character and profound constitutional learning. Anxious to secure in the most legal and efficacious manner the liberties of the country, he proposed and framed the Petition of Rights, and boldly attacked the Duke of Buckingham, though he had formerly commended his conduct in the breaking off of the Spanish match. On a member of the house advertng to the conduct of the duke, the speaker rose up, and said, "That he was ordered to command him not to proceed." A deep silence ensued, and the members were prohibited from quitting the house. Sir Edward Coke at length rose. We give the whole of his speech upon this occasion, as it at once displays his integrity and boldness, and the pithy and forensic style of his oratory.

"We have dealt with that duty and moderation that never was the like *rebus sic stantibus*, after such a violation of the liberties of the subjects; let us take this to heart. In 30 Edward III. were they then in doubt in parliament to name men that misled the king? They accused John de Gaunt, the king's son, and Lord Latimer, and Lord Nevil, for misadvising the king, and they went to the Tower for it. Now, when there is such a downfall of the state, shall we hold our tongues? How shall

we answer our duties to God and men? 7 Hen. IV. parl. rep. No. 31, 32, and 11 Hen. IV. No. 13; there the council are complained of, and are removed from the king. They mewed up the king, and dissuaded him from the common good: And why are we now retired from that way we were in? Why may we not name those that are the cause of all our evils? In 4 Hen. III. and 27 Ed. III. and 13 Ric. II. the parliament moderateth the king's prerogative, and nothing grows to abuse but this house hath power to treat of it. What shall we do? Let us palliate no longer. If we do, God will not prosper us. I think the Duke of Buckingham is the cause of all our miseries; and till the king be informed thereof we shall never go out with honour, or sit with honour here. That man is the grievance of grievances. Let us set down the cause of all our disasters, and all will reflect upon him."

So great was the zeal which our representatives, at this period of our history, displayed in the performance of their duties, that many members wept bitterly, as we are credibly informed, on the speaker delivering the above message to the house, and Sir Edward Coke, in the course of his speech, sat down to wipe away his tears!

On the dissolution of this parliament, which took place in March, 1628, O. S., Coke retired to his house at Stoke-Pogis, in Buckinghamshire, where he spent the remainder of his life in an honourable retirement. He died on the 3d of September, 1634, though his last moments are said to have been disturbed by the malice of his enemies. Shortly before his death, Sir Francis Windebanke entered his house by virtue of an Order of Council, to search for seditious papers, and carried away all the MSS. which the industry and learning of Coke had collected. Many years afterwards these were restored to his son, upon petition to the house of commons.

Of the general character and conduct of Sir Edward Coke, an idea may be formed even from the foregoing imperfect sketch; but duly to appreciate his merits as a lawyer would almost require the *lucubrationes viginti annorum* of which he himself speaks. "His learned and judicious works on the law," says Fuller, "will be admired by judicious posterity as long as fame has a trumpet left her, and any breath to blow therein." He has been emphatically and truly called, the oracle of the law, for his name alone confers an almost undisputed authority. His learning was, at once, profound, excursive, and curious. When he applied the powers of his strong mind to the illustration of a legal question, he wholly exhausted the subject, and rather than quit it, he would resort even to remote analogies. With the grounds and reasons of the common law he was perfectly familiar, and, upon the whole, he may be considered the most consummate lawyer of his own or of any other time. His works, the honourable monuments of his unconquerable industry, for they were composed in the precious intervals of a more than usually active professional life, have received from succeeding times those marks of distinction which are due to their merits. His Institutes and Reports are called, *par excellence*, *The Institutes* and *The Reports*, and his first Institute, the *Commentary upon Littleton*, has become the bible of the law.* In the

* Some passages in the writings of Sir Edward Coke gave offence to the king, and a committee was appointed to examine his Reports, but the inquiry was never

course of his laborious researches, some inaccuracies and incongruities necessarily occur, more especially in the posthumous portions of his works. The incorruptible integrity which he displayed in his professional character is, even more than his learning, worthy of the highest praise. His preferment was always obtained, to use his own words, without either prayers or pence, and, in an age more than usually corrupt, he avoided the general contamination.

As a writer, though his style is excursive, it is yet exceedingly pregnant and full of matter. The prefaces to his Reports, which exhibit all the richness of the Elizabethan age, are perhaps the best specimens of his composition. We have selected, as a short instance of his peculiar style, a sentence from the conclusion of the fourth Institute, which presents a melancholy picture of a lawyer's occupations.

"Whilst we were in hand with these four parts of the Institutes, we often having occasion to go into the city, and from thence into the country, did in some sort envy the state of the honest ploughman, and other mechanics, for the one when he was at his work would merrily sing, and the ploughman whistle some self-pleasing tune, and yet their work both proceeded and succeeded; but he that takes upon himself to write doth captivate all the faculties and powers both of his mind and body, and must be only intente to that which he collecteth, without any expression of joy or cheerfulness, whilst he is in his work."

In person, Sir Edward Coke, according to Fuller, was well proportioned, his features regular, his countenance always grave and composed, and his air and manner of speaking full of dignity. He was neat, but not nice in his dress, and his common saying was, "That the cleanliness of a man's clothes ought to put him in mind of keeping all clean within." His habits must necessarily have been strict and laborious, and we learn from his grandson, Roger Coke, that "when he lay at the Temple, he measured out his time at regular hours, two whereof were to go to bed at nine o'clock, and in the morning to rise at three."

Sir Edward Coke amassed a large fortune, and left a numerous posterity to enjoy it. Sir Thomas Coke, afterwards Earl of Leicester, by whom the magnificent edifice of Holkham was built, was a lineal descendant of the chief justice. From him that splendid mansion, with the princely fortune of the family, descended to its present possessor, who rivals, in the length of his public life, and his zeal in the cause of constitutional freedom, the patriotic virtues of his celebrated ancestors.

proceeded in. Bacon, who was capable of doing his enemy justice, says, "To give every man his due, had it not been for Sir Edward Coke's Reports, which, though they may have errors, and some pcremptory and extrajudicial resolutions, more than are warranted, yet contain infinite good decisions and rulings over of cases; the law, by this time, had been almost like a ship without ballast."

The Last Quarterly Review—Old England by a New England man—Bookselling Influence over Reviews—Washington Irving.

Selected for the Museum, from Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THIS is a horribly dull Quarterly—one of the heaviest Gifford has ever put through his fingers. The Essay about Political Economy is another of Dr. Southey's absurd pawings at a matter of which he never can understand one jot. The Review of Paulding's impertinent book—"Old England, by a New Englandman," is the best thing in the Number, and yet no very great matter, considering the rich fund of fun a *Quarterly* Reviewer ought to have found in it. They are, in general, too bitter when they play the quizzers. Why waste so many words about exposing the obvious fact, that this Paulding never crossed the Atlantic, but merely copied and mangled the trash of *guides, tours, and road-books*? Why not say a thing like this in three words, and then amuse us with a few prime specimens of the idiot's impudence? But some people are always apt to take the coal-hammer to the bumble-bee. This, however, must not be overlooked, that Mr. Gifford has of late had a horrid fright about an American business, and may have pared this article sadly as it went through his fingers. For his fright, vide the awkward-looking note with which the Number concludes.

"In the Article on 'Faux's Memorable Days in America,' (Q. R. No. LVIII.) a passage was introduced from that work, reflecting on the reputation of the lady of Mr. Law. We have since been fully satisfied that every part of the statement in which she is mentioned is devoid of truth; and we therefore take this opportunity of expressing our regret that a calumny so unfounded should have been unwittingly copied into our pages.

"Now we have mentioned this Article, we may add, that in saying, 'it was not mentioned by what means Mr. Law acquired his immense property in India,' there was no thought whatever of impeaching his integrity. We know no more of Mr. Law than Faux tells us; and merely meant to say, that nothing was to be found in his work respecting the capacity in which Mr. Law acted in India, or the situation which he held."

Now the fact is, that one of this Mr. Law's family lately came over to England, for the express purpose of pulling the nose of the person who reviewed Faux's "Memorable Things" in the Quarterly. He went to Barrow, who said he had not written the article, (as, indeed, any one who knows any thing of style might have seen with half an eye;) he then attacked Gifford, Murray, &c. but without success. It was, however, agreed, that the next Review should contain an eating in of the calumnies about the Laws. That on Mrs. Law is, I admit, gulped in a manful enough fashion; but the other leek (the story about Law himself) is, I humbly submit, got down in a most awkward and equivocating fashion indeed by poor Pistol. The "since the affair has been mentioned, we may as well," &c. is a lamentable get-off, considering that "*we may as well*" means exactly *WE MUST*; and as for the assertion, that on

sneer whatever about Law's history in India had been intended, I shall only say, that if it was not intended, the Quarterly hero must plead guilty of very considerable absurdity in his choice of language—But let it pass—Glory be to St. David!

The bibliopolic influence which so notoriously sways the course and tenor of this Review, is sufficiently apparent in fifty different by-hits scattered over this Number of it. How long will *the public* suffer the existence of this odious, this pestiferous humbug, which all these Reviews play off to the excitement of so much nausea in all who really have eyes to see and ears to hear? How long is it to be a matter of dead certainty, that the Quarterly will puff off as first-rate characters all Mr. Murray's authors,—the Edinburgh all Mr. Constable's,—the New Monthly all Mr. Colbourn's,—and so forth? Are people determined to be blind? I confess I, for one, rejoice in the *extent* to which this affair is carried at the present time, for this one sufficient reason, that I think the veil is now so very egregiously, and staringly, and strikingly transparent, that nobody can much longer refuse to see through it. The Edinburgh Review says, that Basil Hall's book on South America is one of the first books of our time,—the Quarterly, that it is no great shakes. The Quarterly says, that Basil Hall's book on Loochoo is a grand affair,—the Edinburgh sneers at it.—Why so?—Mr. Murray published the Loochoo—Mr. Constable the South America.—There is the whole mystery. The Edinburgh Review scoffs at the Edition of Lady Suffolk's Letters, as a work full of stupidity and ignorance—the Quarterly holds it up as the very model and beautiful of editions.—Why so?—Croker edited, and Murray published it; and this being the case, I could have told six months ago, just as well as I can now, that its fate was to be lauded in the Dun-coloured, and derided and vilipended in the Blue and Yellow. This is really becoming a fine concern.

In the next Number of the Quarterly, there will be, *inter alia*, a fine puff of Washington Irving's "Tales of a Traveller," because Mr. Irving's publisher is Mr. Murray,—and there will also be a puff of it in the Edinburgh;—first, because Mr. Irving is an American, and, secondly, because his book is not of the kind to interfere at all with any of Mr. Constable's own publications. But I am really sick of exposing all this nonsensical stuff.—So turn we to Mr. Washington himself, and see what is to be said of these volumes by a plain impartial man, who has nothing to do either with Murray or Constable, and who thinks neither the better nor the worse of a man for being born in New York.

I have been miserably disappointed in the "Tales of a Traveller." Three years have elapsed since the publication of Bracebridge Hall, and it had been generally given out that the author was travelling about the Continent at a great rate, collecting the materials for a work of greater and more serious importance. Above all, it was known that Mr. Irving had gone, *for the first time*, to Italy and to Germany; and high expectations were avow-

ed as to the treasures he would bring back from these chosen seats of the classical and the romantic, the beautiful and the picturesque.* With the exception of a very few detached pieces, such as the description of the Stage-coachman, and the story of the Stout Gentleman, Mr. Irving's sketches of English life and manners had certainly made no lasting impression on the public mind. Every body recognised the pen of a practised writer, the feelings of an honourable and kind-hearted man, and occasional flashes of a gently-pleasing humour in the tournure of a sentence, but, on the whole, they were but insipid diet. There was no reality about his Yorkshire halls, squires, parsons, gipsies, and generals; and his pathos was not only very poor, but very affected; in point of fact, mawkish and unmeaning were the only epithets any body thought of applying to such matters as his *Essay on Windsor Castle*, and *James I. of Scotland*, his "*Broken Heart*," his *Student of Salamanca*, &c. &c. These affairs were universally voted Washington Irving's balaam, and the balaam unquestionably bore in Bracebridge Hall a proportion of altogether insufferable preponderance. But all this was kindly put up with. It was said that the author had been too hasty, in his anxiety to keep up the effect he had produced in his *Sketch-book*; and that, having dressed up all his best English materials in that work, he had, *ex necessitate*, served up a hash in the successor. But give him time, allow him to think of matters calmly and quietly, open new fields of observation to him, and you shall see once more the pen of Knickerbocker in its pristine glory. This was the general *say*, and when Germany was mentioned, every body was certain that the third *Sketch-book* would not only rival, but far surpass the first.

The more benign the disposition, the worse for Mr. Irving now. He has been not only all over Germany, but all over Italy too; and he has produced a book, which, for aught I see, might have been written, not in three years, but in three months, without stirring out of a garret in London, and this not by Mr. Irving alone, but by any one of several dozens of ready penmen about town, with whose names, if it were worth while, I could easily enliven your pages. The ghost stories, with which the greater part of the first volume is occupied, are, with one exception, old, and familiar to every body conversant in that sort of line. The story of the Be-headed Lady, in particular, has not only been told in print ere now, but much better told than it is in Mr. Irving's edition. To say the truth, a gentleman like this, who goes about gaping for stories to make up books withal, should be excessively scrupulous indeed, ere he sets to work upon any thing he hears. A new story is a thing not to be met with above once or twice in the ten years; and the better a story is, the more are the chances always against its being new to other people, whatever it may be to one's

* For example, vide the grand puff about this in Dibdin's ridiculous "*Guide to a Young Man*," not long since published.

self. Mr. Irving, being evidently a man of limited reading, ought to have consulted some more erudite friend, ere he put most of these things to press. My own dear D'Israeli alone could, I venture to say, have shown him printed and re-printed editions of three-fourths of them, in one half-hour's *sedesunt* over a sea-coal fire in the British Museum. It is becoming daily a more dangerous thing to pillage the Germans, and I strongly advise Mr. Irving to be more on his guard the next time.

The matter of these ghost stories of his, however, is not the only, nor even the chief thing, I have to find fault with. They are old stories, and I am sorry to add, they are not improved by their new dress. The tone in which Mr. Irving does them up, is quite wrong. A ghost story *ought* to be a ghost story. Something like seriousness is absolutely necessary, in order to its producing any effect at all upon the mind—and the sort of half-witty vein, the little dancing quirks, &c. &c. with which these are set forth, entirely destroy the whole matter. [I speak of his management of European superstitions, be it noticed, and not at all of the American.] There were some ghost stories in the Album, well worth half a ton of these. The Fox-hunters are *crambe recolta*, and bad *crambe* too; for Mr. Irving no more understands an English fox-hunter, than I do an American judge. The same thing may be said of the whole most hackneyed story of Buckthorne, which is a miserable attempt at an English Wilhelm Meister; and yet one can with difficulty imagine a man of Mr. Irving's sense producing this lame thing at all, if he had read *recently* either that work or the *Roman Comique*. Buckthorne is really a bad thing—*nulla virtute redemptum*. A boarding-school miss might have written it.

But the German part of the adventure has turned out exactly nothing, and this will perhaps be the greatest mortification to those who open Mr. Irving's new book. Any body, at least, who had read Knickerbocker, and who knew Deutschland, either the upper or the nether, *must* have expected a rich repast indeed, of Meinherren and Mynheers. All this expectation is met with a mere cipher. There is nothing German here at all, except that the preface is dated *Mentz*, and that the author has cribbed from the German books he has been dabbling in, some fables which have not the merit either of being originally or characteristically German.

The Italy, too, is a sad failure—very sad, indeed. Here is an American, a man of letters, a man of observation, a man of feeling, a man of taste. He goes, with a very considerable literary reputation, as his passport at once and his stimulus, to the most interesting region, perhaps, in the old world, and he brings from it absolutely nothing except a few very hackneyed tales of the Abruzzi Bandits, not a bit better than Mrs. Maria Graham's trash, and the narrative of a grand robbery perpetrated on the carriage of Mr. Alderman Popkins! The story of the Inn at Terracina is, perhaps,

as pure a specimen of Leadenhall-street common-place, as has appeared for some time past. Why a man of education and talent should have ventured to put forth such poor second-hand, second-rate manufactures, at this time of day, it entirely passes my imagination to conceive.—Good Heavens! are we come to this, that men of this rank cannot even make a robbery terrific, or a love-story tolerable? But, seriously, the use Mr. Irving has made of his Italian travels, must sink his character very wofully. It proves him to be devoid not only of all classical recollections, but of all genuine enthusiasm of any kind; and I believe you will go along with me when I say, that without enthusiasm of some sort, not even a humorist can be really successful. If Mr. Irving had no eyes for tower, temple, and tree, he should at least have shown one for peasants and pageants. But there is nothing whatever in his Italian Sketches that might not have been produced very easily by a person (and not a very clever person neither) who had merely read a few books of travels, or *talked* with a few travellers. Rome, Venice, Florence, Naples—this gentleman has been over them all, crayon in hand, and his Sketch-book is, wherever it is not a blank, a blunder.

Mr. Irving, after writing, perhaps after printing one volume, and three-fourths of another, seems to have been suddenly struck with a conviction of the worthlessness of the materials that had thus been passing through his hands, and in a happy day, and a happy hour, he determined to fill up the remaining fifty or sixty pages, not with milk-and-water stuff about ghosts and banditti, but with some of his own old genuine stuff—the quaintnesses of the ancient Dutch heers and frows of the delicious land of the Manhattoes. The result is, that this small section of his book is not only worth the bulk of it five hundred times over, but really, and in every respect, worthy of himself and his fame. This will live, the rest will die in three months.

I do most sincerely hope this elegant person will no longer refuse to believe what has been told him very often, that all real judges are quite agreed as to the enormous, the infinite, and immeasurable superiority of his American Sketches over *all* his European ones. If he does not, he may go on publishing pretty octavos with John Murray for several years to come; and he may maintain a very pretty rank among the Mayfair blue-stockings, and their half emasculated hangers-on; but he must infallibly *sink* altogether in the eyes of really intelligent and manly readers—whose judgment, moreover, is always sure, at no very distant period, to silence and overpower the mere “commenta opinium.”

It is, indeed, high time that Mr. Irving should begin to ask of himself a serious question,—“What is it that I am to be known by hereafter?” He is now a man towards fifty—nearly twenty years have passed since his first and as yet his best production, “the History of New York,” made its appearance. He has most certainly made no progress in any one literary qualification since then.

There is far keener and readier wit in that book,—far, far richer humour, far more ingenious satire, than in all that have come after it put together; and, however reluctant he may be to hear it said, the style of that book is by miles and miles superior to that in which he now, almost always, writes.

Long ere now, Mr. Irving must, I should think, have made considerable discoveries as to the nature and extent of his own powers. In the first place, he must be quite aware that he has no inventive faculties at all, taking that phrase in its proper and more elevated sense. He has never invented an incident—unless, which I much doubt, the *idea* of the Stout Gentleman's story was his own;—and as for inventing characters, why, he has not even made an attempt at that.

Secondly, The poverty and bareness of his European Sketches alone, when compared with the warmth and richness of his old American ones, furnishes the clearest evidence that he is not a man of much liveliness or imagination; nothing has, it seems, excited him profoundly since he was a stripling roaming about the wild woods of his province, and enjoying the queer *fat* goings on of the Dutch-descended burghers of New York. This is not the man that should call himself, as if *par excellence*, a traveller—*cælum non animum mutat*,—he is never at home, to any purpose at least, except among the Yankees.

Thirdly, Mr. Irving must be aware that he cannot write any thing serious to much effect. This argues a considerable lack of pith in the whole foundations of his mind, for the world has never seen a great humorist who was nothing but a humorist. Cervantes was a poet of poets—and Swift was Swift. A mere joker's jokes go for little. One wishes to consider the best of these things as an amusement for one's self, and as having been an exertion of the *unbending* powers only of their creator. Now Mr. Irving being, which he certainly is, aware of these great and signal deficiencies, is surely acting in a foolish fashion, when he publishes such books as *The Tales of a Traveller*. If he wishes to make for himself a really enduring reputation, he must surpass considerably his previous works—I mean he must produce works of more uniform and entire merit than any of them, for he never can do any thing better than some fragments he has done already. He must, for this purpose, take time, for it is obvious that he is by no means a rapid collector of materials, whatever the facility of his penmanship may be. Farther, he must at once cut all ideas of writing about European matters. He can never be any thing but an imitator of our Goldsmiths here,—on his own soil he *may* rear a name and a monument, *ære perennius*, for himself. No, he must allow his mind to dwell upon the only images which it ever can give back with embellished and strengthened hues. He must riot in pumpkins, grinning negroes, smoking skippers, plump jolly little Dutch maidens, and their grizzly-periwigged papas. This is his world, and he must stick to it. Out of it, it is but too apparent *now*, he

never can make the name of Washington Irving what that name ought to be.

Perhaps there would be no harm if Mr. Irving gave rather more scope to his own real feelings in his writings. A man of his power and mind must have opinions of one kind or another, in regard to the great questions which have in every age and country had the greatest interest for the greatest minds. Does he suppose that any popularity really worthy a *man's* ambition, is to be gained by a determined course of smooth speaking? Does he really imagine that *he* can be "all things to all men," in the Albemarle Street sense of the phrase, without emasculating his genius, and destroying its chances of perpetuating fame? I confess, there is to me something not unlike impertinence, in the wondrous caution with which this gentleman avoids speaking his mind. Does he suppose that we should be either sorry or angry, if he spoke out now and then like a Republican, about matters of political interest? He may relieve himself from this humane anxiety as to our peace of mind. There is no occasion for lugging in politics direct in works of fiction, but I must say, that I cannot think it natural for any man to write in these days so many volumes as Mr. Irving has written, without in some way or other expressing his opinions and feelings. He is, indeed,

"A gentle sailor, and for summer seas."

But he may depend on it, that nobody has ever taken a strong hold of the *English* mind, whose own mind has not had for one of its first characteristics, *manliness*; and I have far too great a respect for the American mind, to have any doubts that the same thing will be said of it by any one, who, two or three hundred years hence, casts his eye over that American literature, which, I hope, will, ere then, be the glorious rival of our own.

But enough for this time. Few people have admired Mr. Irving more than myself—few have praised him more—and certainly few wish him and his career better than I do at this moment.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Parables; by Dr. F. A. Krummacher: translated from the German by F. Shoberl. 12mo. pp. 316. 6s. half-bound. Ackermann. 1824.

THE reverend author of these pleasing parables was preceptor to the late Queen of Prussia in her early years. He lived to attend in 1814 the funeral of the excellent personage whom he had formed; and in this work he consecrates to her memory a collection of the lessons which he had composed for her instruction. They consist of parables, allegories, or apologues, imagined and related in the style of the sacred volume; and they bear so considerable a

resemblance to the Paramythia of Herder, which were noticed at some extent in our twentieth volume, p. 512, that we shall seem to be making farther extracts from them, in laying before our readers a few of Dr. Krummacher's happy imitations. There are in all 130 fables.

"The Parsee, the Jew, and the Christian.

"A Jew entered a Parsee temple, and there beheld the sacred fire. What! said he to the priest, do ye worship the fire?—Not the fire, answered the priest; it is to us an emblem of the sun, and of his genial heat.—Do ye then worship the sun as your god? asked the Jew. Know ye not that this luminary also is but a work of the Almighty Creator?—We know it, replied the priest, but the uncultivated man requires a sensible sign, in order to form a conception of the Most High. And is not the sun an image of the Invisible, Incomprehensible Source of Light, of that Being who blesses and preserves all things?

"The Israelite thereupon rejoined: Do your people then distinguish the type from the original? They call the sun their god, and descending even from this to a baser object, they kneel before an earthly flame. Ye amuse the outward, but blind the inward eye, and while ye hold forth to them the earthly, ye withdraw from them the heavenly light.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any image or any likeness.

"How then do ye designate the Supreme Being? asked the Parsee.

"We call him Jehovah Adonai, that is, the Lord who is, who was, and who will be, answered the Jew.

"Your appellation is grand and sublime, said the Parsee, but it is awful too.

"A Christian then drew nigh and said: We call him Father.

"The Pagan and the Jew looked at each other and said: Here is at once an image and a reality:—it is a word of the heart, said they.

"Thereupon, they raised their eyes to heaven and said with reverence and love: Our Father!

"And then they took each other by the hand, and all three called one another brothers."

"The Spirit of Christianity.

"In the neighbourhood of Antioch, in Syria, dwelt two families, who had long been at bitter enmity, which was transferred from the parents to the children. Attalus and Meno, the heads of these families, seized every occasion to annoy one another, and their animosity increased every day.

"Now Meno had a slave, who was a disciple of the Lord, and walked worthily of the Gospel, and was faithful in all things, so that Meno esteemed him highly, and placed him over his whole household. The name of this slave was Silas. And in all that Silas did, God was with him, and blessed the house of his master for his sake. Meno, therefore, frequently conversed with his steward, and Silas converted him, so that he believed and was baptized in the name of the Lord.

"From this time forward Meno became a totally different man from what he had been before; and he ceased to speak ill of Attalus, his enemy, though Attalus hated and persecuted him more than ever, and daily did him fresh injury.

"By such forbearance Attalus was still more exasperated, and he hired wicked men to lay waste Meno's garden in the night, and they destroyed his finest trees, on which Meno set a particular value.

"Then Meno's friends went to him and said, if thou dost not revenge this injury, he will soon do thee a still greater. But Meno answered them and said, The mischief was done at night: he will deny it. To me it serves for an exercise in patience. I was myself formerly actuated by the same spirit.

"Soon afterwards, Meno's friends brought two of the villains whom Attalus had suborned to lay waste the garden, and said, These men have confessed the fact, therefore now thou mayest have him punished. But Meno answered, I have forgiven him, and will not admit enmity into my heart, though I am certainly grieved for the loss of the trees. And Meno's friends were angry with him for his forbearance.

"Some time afterwards a furious fire broke out in the house of Attalus. Meno

hastened with all his people to the spot, and saved two of his enemy's children from the flames. He thereupon went up to Attalus and offered him his hand, saying, Let there be no longer enmity between thee and me, and between thy house and mine! And Meno offered to assist him in building a new house instead of that which had been consumed.

"But Attalus turned from him, and was wroth in spirit, and said, This fire was the work of Meno,—and many believed his words. And this circumstance troubled the heart of Meno beyond measure, and his friends said, Take no farther account of that wicked man, but deliver him over to Satan!

"But Meno said, He is still a man, and bears in his bosom a wounded heart. I will not curse him.

"In process of time Attalus lost all that he possessed, and he became exceedingly poor, and suffered want with his wife and children, and Attalus himself fell sick with distress and grief.

"Then Meno took courage and went again to him and said, Ah, Attalus! let not discord prevail any longer between thee and me, but let us shake hands before we die! Behold, what is mine shall be thine. Let us then in future live together as brothers!

"When Attalus heard these words, he looked at Meno with hollow eyes, and his face was distorted, and he turned it away. But his wife and children wept, and Meno wept also.

"Then did his friends deride Meno, and say, Now surely hath thy heart exhausted its kindness on the unworthy wretch; what more canst thou do for him? Meno answered and said, All I can now do is to pray for him. And Meno secretly supported Attalus and his family, so that they suffered no want.

"After those days Attalus became worse, and at length gave up the ghost. When Meno heard this, he wept for him and attended him to the grave, and became the protector of the widow and orphans.

"The people then said, How is it possible for a man to act thus? But they knew not the spirit that dwelt in Meno."

"The Miracle.

"One day in Spring, Solomon, then a youth, sat under the palm-trees, in the garden of the king, his father, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and absorbed in thought. Nathan, his preceptor, went up to him, and said, Why sittest thou thus, musing under the palm-trees?

"The youth raised his head, and answered, Nathan, I am exceedingly desirous to behold a miracle.

"A wish, said the prophet, with a smile, which I entertained myself in my juvenile years.

"And was it granted? hastily asked the Prince.

"A man of God, answered Nathan, came to me, bringing in his hand, a pomegranate seed. Observe, said he, what this seed will turn to! He thereupon made with his finger a hole in the earth, and put the seed into the hole, and covered it. Scarcely had he drawn back his hand, when the earth parted, and I saw two small leaves shoot forth; but no sooner did I perceive them than the leaves separated, and from between them arose a round stem, covered with bark, and the stem became every moment higher and thicker.

"The man of God thereupon said to me, Take notice! And while I observed, seven shoots issued from the stem, like the seven branches on the candlestick of the altar.

"I was astonished, but the man of God motioned to me, and commanded me to be silent, and to attend. Behold, said he, new creations will soon make their appearance.

"He thereupon brought water in the hollow of his hand from the stream which flowed past; and lo! all the branches were covered with green leaves, so that a cooling shade was thrown around us, together with a delicious odour. Whence, exclaimed I, is this perfume amid the refreshing shade?

"Seest thou not, said the man of God, the scarlet blossom, as, shooting forth from among the green leaves, it hangs down in clusters?

"I was about to answer, when a gentle breeze agitated the leaves, and strewed the blossoms around us, as the autumnal blast scatters the withered foliage. No sooner had the blossoms fallen than the red pomegranates appeared suspended

among the leaves, like the almonds on the staves of Aaron. The man of God then left me in profound amazement.

"Nathan ceased speaking. What is the name of the godlike man? asked Solomon hastily. Doth he yet live? Where doth he dwell?"

"Son of David, replied Nathan, I have related to thee a vision.

"When Solomon heard these words, he was troubled in his heart, and said, How canst thou deceive me thus?"

"I have not deceived thee, son of Jesse, rejoined Nathan. Behold, in thy father's garden thou mayest see all that I have related to thee. Doth not the same thing take place with every pomegranate, and with the other trees?"

"Yes, said Solomon, but imperceptibly, and in a long time.

"Then Nathan answered. Is it therefore the less a divine work, because it takes place silently and insensibly? Study nature and her operations; then wilt thou easily believe those of a higher power, and not long for miracles wrought by a human hand."

These specimens will suffice to convince our readers that K.'s allegoric stories unite grace of form with humanity of purpose; and that they are well adapted as a book of education for the use of young persons who are to be trained in habits of piety, tenderness, tolerance, and beneficence. Indeed, the genuine spirit of Christianity, untinted by the peculiar doctrines of any sect, pervades the whole collection, and fits it for the perusal and edification of persons of every denomination. Imagination seldom twines her flowery round narrations so useful in their tendency. The clad Graces here adorn the temple of Piety; while Beauty beckons from various heavens the purest forms of their several mythologies, employs them to reveal to man the delights of virtue, and directs them to irradiate his view with the roseate dawn of hope.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

PERSONAL CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—The following article on the personal character of Lord Byron, will be read, I think, with peculiar interest, as your readers will immediately perceive that it is written by one who has had unusual opportunities of observing the extraordinary habits, feelings, and opinions of the inspired and noble poet. I am quite sure that, after a perusal of the following paper, the reader will be able to see Lord Byron, mind and all, "in his habit as he lived:"—Much that has hitherto been accounted inexplicable in his Lordship's life and writings is now interpreted, and the poet and the man are here depicted in their true colours. I can pledge myself to the strict correctness of its details.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

LORD BYRON'S address was the most affable and courteous perhaps ever seen; his manners, when in a good humour, and desirous of being well with his guest, were winning—fascinating in the ex-

treme, and though bland, still spirited, and with an air of frankness and generosity—qualities in which he was certainly not deficient. He was *open* to a fault—a characteristic probably the result of his fearlessness and independence of the world; but so *open* was he that his friends were obliged to live upon their guard with him. He was the worst person in the world to confide a secret to; and if any charge against any body was mentioned to him, it was probably the first communication he made to the person in question. He hated scandal and tittle-tattle—loved the manly straightforward course: he would harbour no doubts, and never live with another with suspicions in his bosom—out came the accusation, and he called upon the individual to stand clear, or be ashamed of himself. He detested a lie—nothing enraged him so much as a lie: he was by temperament and education excessively irritable, and a lie completely unchained him—his indignation knew no bounds. He had considerable tact in detecting untruth, he would smell it out almost instinctively; he avoided the timid driveller, and generally chose his companions among the lovers and practisers of sincerity and candour. A man tells the false and conceals the true, because he is afraid that the declaration of the thing, as it is, will hurt him. Lord Byron was above all fear of this sort; he flinched from telling no one what he thought to his face; from his infancy he had been afraid of no one: falsehood is not the vice of the powerful; the Greek slave *lies*, the Turkish tyrant is remarkable for his adherence to truth.

Lord Byron was irritable (as I have said), irritable in the extreme; and this is another fault of those who have been accustomed to the unmurmuring obedience of obsequious attendants. If he had lived at home, and held undisputed sway over hired servants, led captains, servile apothecaries, and willing county magistrates, probably he might have passed through life with an unruffled temper, or at least his escapades of temper would never have been heard of; but he spent his time in adventure and travel, amongst friends, rivals, and foreigners; and, doubtless, he had often reason to find that his early life had unfitted him for dealing with men on an equal footing, or for submitting to untoward accidents with patience.

His vanity was excessive—unless it may with greater propriety be called by a softer name—a milder term, and perhaps a juster, would be his love of fame. He was exorbitantly desirous of being the sole object of interest: whether in the circle in which he was living, or in the wider sphere of the world, he could bear no rival; he could not tolerate the person who attracted attention from himself; he instantly became animated with a bitter jealousy, and hated, for the time, every greater or more celebrated man than himself: he carried his jealousy up even to Buonaparte; and it was the secret of his contempt of Wellington. It was dangerous for his friends to rise in the world if they valued his friendship more than their own fame—he hated them.

It cannot be said that he was *vain* of any talent, accomplishment,

or other quality in particular; it was neither more nor less than a morbid and voracious appetite for fame, admiration, public applause: proportionably he dreaded the public censure; and though from irritation and spite, and sometimes through design, he acted in some respects as if he despised the opinion of the world, no man was ever more alive to it.

The English newspapers talked freely of him, and he thought the English public did the same; and for this reason he feared, or hated, or fancied that he hated England: in fact, as far as this one cause went, he did hate England, but the balance of love in its favour was immense; all his views were directed to England; he never rode a mile, wrote a line, or held a conversation, in which England and the English public were not the goal to which he was looking, whatever scorn he might have on his tongue.

Before he went to Greece, he imagined that he had grown very unpopular, and even infamous, in England; when he left *Murray*, engaged in the *Liberal*, which was unsuccessful, published with the *Hunts*, he fancied, and doubtless was told so, by some of his aristocratic friends, that he had become *low*, that the *better* English thought him out of fashion and voted him vulgar; and that for the licentiousness of Don Juan, or for *vices* either practised or suspected, the public had morally outlawed him. This was *one* of the determining causes which led him to Greece, that he might retrieve himself. He thought that his name coupled with the Greek cause would sound well at home. When he arrived at Cephalonia, and found that he was in good odour with the authorities,—that the regiment stationed there, and other English residents in the island, received him with the highest consideration, he was gratified to a most extravagant pitch; he talked of it to the last, with a perseverance and in a manner which showed how anxious his fears had been that he was lost with the English people.

They who have not resided abroad are very little aware how difficult it is to keep up with the state of public opinion at home. Letters and newspapers, which are rarely seen even by the richer traveller on account of the immense expense of their transmission, scarcely do any thing more than tantalize the spirit, or administer food to the imagination. *We* gather the state of public opinion by ten thousand little circumstances which cannot, or only a few of which can, be communicated through any other channel of information. While on the spot, absence of calumny, or the fact of not hearing any thing disagreeable, is a proof of its non-existence: abroad, on the contrary, silence is ominous; the fancy is at work, and torments a sensitive man, whose reputation is public property, in a manner of which it is difficult to form an adequate conception: an approach is made to it by wilful seclusion even within the four seas; hence the irritability of Wordsworth; hence also, in a less degree, that of Southey, who mixes a little more with the world.

Lord Byron cannot be said to have been personally vain in any extraordinary degree, that is, not much more than men usually

are. He knew the power of his countenance, and he took care that it should always be displayed to the greatest advantage. He never failed to appear *remarkable*; and no person, whether from the beauty of the expression of his features, the magnificent height of his forehead, or the singularity of his dress, could ever pass him in the street without feeling that he was passing no common person. Lord Byron has been frequently recollected when his portraits have been shown—Ah! (the spectator has exclaimed, on either picture or engraving being seen,) I met that person in such or such a place, at such or such a time.

His lameness, a slight mal-formation of the foot, did not in the least impede his activity; it may perhaps account in some measure for his passion for riding, sailing, and swimming. He nearly divided his time between these three exercises: he rode from four to eight hours every day when he was not engaged in boating or swimming. And in these exercises, so careful was he of his hands (one of those little vanities which sometimes beset men) that he wore gloves even in swimming.

He indulged in another practice which is not considered in England genteel, that is to say, it is not just now a fashion with the upper classes in this country—he *chewed tobacco* to some extent.

At times, too, he was excessively given to drinking; but this is not so uncommon. In his passage from Genoa to Cephalonia, he spent the principal part of the time in drinking with the Captain of the vessel. He could bear an immense quantity of liquor without intoxication, and was by no means particular either in the nature or in the order of the fluids he imbibed. He was by no means a drinker constantly, or, in other words, a drunkard, and could indeed be as abstemious as any body; but when his passion blew that way, he drank, as he did every thing else, *to excess*.

This was indeed the spirit of his life—a round of passion, indulgence, and satiety. He had tried, as most men do who have the power, every species of gratification, however sensual. Let no rich young man here who is not living under the surveillance of his relations or in fear of the public, let no such person turn up his nose. No men are more given to ring the changes upon gratification of all the sensual kinds than the English, especially the English on the continent,—the English, who in *speech* are the most modest people of the universe, and who, if you might trust their shy and reserved manner, think of nothing but *decorum*. Lord Byron did no more in this respect than almost every other Lord or Esquire of degree has done, and is doing, if he dare, at this moment, whether in London, Paris, Naples, Vienna, or elsewhere, with this difference—Lord Byron was a man of strong powers of intellect and active imagination; he drew conclusions and took lessons from what he saw. Lord Byron too was a man capable of intense passion, which every one who pursues the gratification of his appetite is not; consequently he went to work with a headlong

reckless spirit, probably derived exquisite enjoyment, quickly exhausted himself, and was then left stranded in satiety.

There was scarcely a passion which he had not tried, even that of *avarice*. Before he left Italy, he alarmed all his friends by becoming penurious—absolutely miserly, after the fashion of the Elwes and other great misers on record. The pleasures of avarice are dwelt on with evident satisfaction in one of the late cantos of Don Juan—pleasures which were no fictions of the poet's brain, but which he had enjoyed and was revelling in at that moment; of course he indulged to excess, grew tired, and turned to something else.

The passion which last animated him was that which is said to be the last infirmity of noble minds—ambition. There can be little doubt that he had grown weary of being known only as a *writer*; he determined to distinguish himself by *action*. Many other motives, however, went to make up the bundle which took him to the succour of the Greeks. Italy was waning in favour; he was beginning to grow weary of the society of the lady, to whom, after the manners of Italy, he had been attached, and unfortunately her passion outlived his: even in Greece she would gladly have joined him; but his Lordship had changed. Then, again, Greece was a land of adventure, bustle, struggle, sensation, and excitement, where the inhabitants have beautiful forms, and dress in romantic habits, and dwell in the most picturesque country of the world; and Lord Byron, as he said himself, had “an oriental twist in his imagination.” He knew that the Greeks looked up to him as, what he really was, one of their greatest regenerators; he was aware that his money and rank would give him unlimited power, influence and respect; all of which he dearly loved. Then again, if any man ever sympathized deeply with bravery suffering in a generous cause, it was Lord Byron; and when he was roused, in moments of excitement, this sympathy was a violently propelling and a very virtuous motive. These and other secondary considerations led him to Greece, to sacrifice much of his personal comforts, much of his property, his health, and his life.

No two men were ever more unlike than Lord Byron excited and Lord Byron in the ordinary state of calm. His friends about him used to call it *inspiration*; and when men of their stamp talk about *inspiration*, there must no common change take place. When excited, his sentiments were noble, his ideas grand or beautiful, his language rich and enthusiastic, his views elevated, and all his feelings of that disinterested and martyr-like cast which marks the great mind. When in the usual dull mood in which almost every body wearies their friends nine hours out of the ten, his ideas were gross, his language coarse, his sentiments not mean certainly, but of a low and sensual kind; his mood sneering and satirical, unless in a very good humour, which indeed, he often, I may say generally, was. This is, however, the wrong side of the picture in Lord Byron—he may be said here to be taken at the worst.

Without being what I have called *excited*, his conversation was often very delightful, though almost always polluted by grossness—grossness of the very broadest and lowest description, like, I cannot help saying again, like almost all his class—all of them that do not live either in the fear of God, or of the public. His grossness too had the advantage of a fertile fancy, and such subjects were the ready source of a petty kind of excitement; the forbidden words, the forbidden topics, the concealed actions of our nature, and the secret vices of society, stimulated his imagination, and stimulants he loved, and may be said at times to have wanted. He certainly did permit his fancy to feed on this dunghill garbage; now and then, indeed, even here he scratched up a pearl, but so dirty a pearl, few would be at the pains of washing it for all its price.

His letters are charming; he never wrote them with the idea of "The Letters of the Right Hon. Lord Byron, in 6 vols. 12mo." before his eyes, as unfortunately our great men must now almost necessarily do. The public are so fond of this kind of reading, and so justly too, that there is great reason to fear that it will consume what it feeds on. Few things are so charming as to see a great man without all the paraphernalia of his greatness, without his being armed cap-a-pie for public contest, when every point is guarded, and every motion studied: when a man of reputation presents himself to the notice of the world, he must pretend to know every thing, or he will have credit for nothing—he must assume the air of infallibility, or the meanest creature that can read will discover that he is full of error; he must be supposed to have examined the subject in all its bearings, he must have consulted every authority, he must know what every body has said or thought previously on the matter, and he must anticipate what they can possibly say or think in future, or he will be voted a shallow writer, without information, who has produced a work of no value. Then as to style, it must be the abstract of language—it must be impersonal—unindividual—and just such as a literary machine which had the power of grinding thoughts might be supposed to utter. In short, the writer is every moment afraid of either committing himself or his friends; he is on his good behaviour; and natural freedom, grace, and truth, are out of the question. The writer for the public is as much unlike the real man as the traveller in a stage coach or as the guest at a public ball or dinner is like the lively, careless, rattling, witty, good-natured, fanciful, pleasant creature, at his or her fireside, among old friends, who know too much of the whole life and character to be alarmed at any little sally, and who are satisfied with such knowledge as their friend possesses, without requiring that he should know every thing. Lord Byron's letters are the models of a species of composition which should be written without an eye to any models. His fancy kindled on paper; he touches no subject in a common every-day way; the reader smiles all through, and loves the writer at the end; longs for his society,

and admires his happy genius and his amiable disposition. Lord Byron's letters are like what his conversation was—but better—he had more undisturbed leisure to let his fancies ripen in; he could point his wit with more security, and his irritable temper met with no opposition on paper.

Lord Byron was not ill-tempered nor quarrelsome, but still he was very difficult to live with; he was capricious, full of humours, apt to be offended, and wilful. When Mr. Hobhouse and he travelled in Greece together, they were generally a mile asunder, and though some of his friends lived with him off and on a long time, (Trelawney, for instance,) it was not without serious trials of temper, patience, and affection. He could make a great point often about the least and most trifling thing imaginable, and adhere to his purpose with a pertinacity truly remarkable, and almost unaccountable. A love of victory might sometimes account for little disputes and petty triumphs, otherwise inexplicable, and always unworthy of his great genius; but, as I have said, he was only a great genius now and then, when excited; when not so, he was sometimes little in his conduct, and in his writings dull, or totally destitute of all powers of production. He was very good-natured; and when asked to write a song, or a copy of verses in an album, or an inscription, for so poets are plagued, he would generally attempt to comply, but he seldom succeeded in doing any thing; and when he did, he generally gave birth to such Grub-street doggerel as his friends were ashamed of, and, it is to be hoped, charitably put into the fire. When, on the contrary, in a state of enthusiasm, he wrote with great facility, and corrected very little. He used to boast of an indifference about his writings which he did not feel, and would remark with pleasure that he never saw them in print, and never met with any body that did not know more about them than himself.

He left very little behind him. Of late he had been too much occupied with the Greeks to write, and, indeed, had turned his attention very *much* to action, as has been observed. Don Juan he certainly intended to continue; and, I believe, that the real reason for his holding so many conferences with Dr. Kennedy in Cephalonia was, that he might master the slang of a religious sect, in order to hit off the character with more verisimilitude.

His religious principles were by no means fixed; habitually, like most of his class, he was an unbeliever; at times, however, he relapsed into Christianity, and, in his interviews with Dr. Kennedy, maintained the part of a Unitarian. Like all men whose imaginations are much stronger than the reasoning power—the guiding and determining faculty—he was in danger of falling into fanaticism, and some of his friends, who knew him well, used to predict that he would die a Methodist; a consummation by no means impossible.

From the same cause, the preponderance of the imagination, there might have been some ground for the fear which beset his

later moments that he should go mad. The immediate cause of this fear was, the deep impression which the fate of Swift had made upon him. He read the life of Swift during the whole of his voyage to Greece, and the melancholy termination of the Dean's life haunted his imagination.

Strong, overruling, and irregular as was Lord Byron's imagination—a rich vice which inspired him with his poetry, and which is too surely but the disease of a great mind—strong as was this imagination—sensitive and susceptible as it was to all external influence, yet Lord Byron's reasoning faculties were by no means of a low order; but they had never been cultivated, and, without cultivation, whether by spontaneous exertion, or under the guidance of discipline, to expect a man to be a good reasoner, even on the common affairs of life, is to expect a crop where the seed has not been sown, or where the weeds have been suffered to choke the corn. Lord Byron was shrewd, formed frequently judicious conclusions, and, though he did not reason with any accuracy or certainty, very often hit upon the right. He had occasional glimpses, and deep ones too, into the nature of the institutions of society and the foundations of morals, and, by his experience of the passions of men, speculated ably upon human life; yet withal he was any thing but logical or scientific.

Uncertain and wavering, he never knew himself whether he was right or wrong, and was always obliged to write and feel for the moment on the supposition that his opinion was the true one. He used to declare that he had no fixed principles; which means that he knew nothing scientifically: in politics, for instance, he was a lover of liberty, from prejudice, habit, or from some vague notion that it was generous to be so; but in what liberty really consists—how it operates for the advantage of mankind—how it is to be obtained, secured, regulated, he was as ignorant as a child.

While he was in Greece, almost every elementary question of government was necessarily to be discussed; such was the crisis of Greek affairs—about all of which he showed himself perfectly ignorant. In the case of the press, for instance, and in all questions relating to *publicity*, he was completely wrong. He saw nothing but a few immediate effects, which appeared to him pernicious or the contrary, and he set himself against or in behalf of the press accordingly. Lord Byron complaining of the licentiousness of the press may sound rather singular, and yet such are necessarily the inconsistencies of men who suffer themselves to be guided by high-sounding words and vague generalities, and who expect to understand the art of government and the important interests of society by instinct. In spite, however, of Lord Byron, the press was established in Greece, and maintained free and unshackled, by one of the greatest benefactors that country has as yet known from England, the Hon. Colonel Leicester Stanhope, who, by his activity, his energy, courage, but, above all, by his enlightened knowledge of the principles of legis-

lation and civilization, succeeded in carrying into effect all his measures, as agent of the Greek committee, and who, by spreading useful information, and, above all, by the establishment of the press in all the principal points of reunion in Greece, has advanced that country in civilization many years, how many we dare not say. Before the establishment of the press, the Greeks were working out their regeneration in various parts of Greece, but not as a whole—without unity of design, or unity of interest,—each centre was ignorant of the operations of all the other centres, except by accidental communication; and communication, from the nature of the country and from the circumstances in which it was placed, was rare and hazardous. The press has greatly assisted to establish one feeling throughout the country; not merely is information passed from one quarter to another by its means, but an interchange of sentiments takes place, and a sympathy is created, advice and encouragement reciprocated, enthusiasm kept alive, and useful principles disseminated through the whole commonwealth. Not only will the press thus accelerate the liberation of Greece, but will also, when that liberation is effected, prevent the separation and dissolution of the country into petty kingdoms and governments, which was the bane of ancient Greece. It is becoming to the body politic what the nerves are to the body physical, and will bind a set of disjected members into one corresponding and sensitive frame. As a proof of Lord Byron's uncertainty and unfixedness, he at one moment gave a very handsome donation (£50.) to one paper, the Greek Chronicle, the most independent of them all, and promised to assist in its compilation. His friend and secretary, too, with his approbation, established a polyglot newspaper, the Greek Telegraph, with his countenance and support. The want of any fixed principles and opinions on these important subjects galled him excessively, and he could never discuss them without passion. About this same press, schools, societies for mutual instruction, and all other institutions for the purpose of educating and advancing the Greeks in civilization, he would express himself with scorn and disgust. He would put it on the ground that the present was not the time for these things; that the Greeks must conquer first, and then set about learning—an opinion which no one could seriously entertain who knew as he well did the real situation of the Greeks, who are only now and then visited by the Turks, descending at particular seasons in shoals, like herrings, and like them too to be netted, knocked on the head, and left to die in heaps till the country-side is glutted with their carcasses.—The aptitude of the Greeks is as great as their leisure; and if even the men were actively engaged for the most part of their time, which they are not, surely no exertion of benevolence could be attended with more advantage than instructing the children at home. This, to be sure, is a quaker kind of warfare, and little likely to please a poet; though it must be confessed, that in respect to the pomp and circumstance of war, and all the sad delusions of military glory, no man could have more sane no-

tions than Lord Byron. Mercenary warfare and the life-and-death struggle of oppressed men for freedom are very different things; and Lord Byron felt a military ardour in Greece which he was too wise a man ever to have felt under other circumstances. He was at one time, in Greece, absolutely soldier-mad; he had a helmet made, and other armour in which to lead the Suliotcs to the storming of Lepanto, and thought of nothing but of guns and blunderbusses. It is very natural to suppose that a man of an enthusiastic turn, tired of every-day enjoyments, in succouring the Greeks would look to the bustle, the adventure, the moving accidents by flood and field, as sources of great enjoyment; but allowing for the romantic character of guerilla warfare in Greece, for the excessively unromantic nature of projects for establishing schools and printing-presses in safe places, where the Turks never or very seldom reach; allowing for these, yet they were not the causes of his Lordship's hostility to these peaceful but important instruments in propagating happiness: he was ignorant of the science of civilization, and he was jealous of those who both knew it and practised it, and consequently were doing more good than himself, and began to be more thought about too, in spite of his Lordship's money, which in Greece is certainly very little short of being all-powerful. The Greeks, it is true, had a kind of veneration for Lord Byron, on account of his having sung the praises of Greece; but the thing which caused his arrival to make so great a sensation there was the report that he was immensely rich, and had brought a ship full of *sallars*, (as they call dollars) to pay off all their arrears. So that as soon as it was understood he had arrived, the Greek fleet was presently set in motion to the port where he was stationed; was very soon in a state of the most pressing distress, and nothing could relieve it but a loan of four thousand pounds from his Lordship, which loan was eventually obtained (though with a small difficulty), and then the Greek fleet sailed away, and left his Lordship's person to be nearly taken by the Turks in crossing to Missolonghi, as another vessel which contained his suite and his stores actually was captured, though afterwards released. It was this money too which charmed the prince Mavrocordato, who did not sail away with his fleet, but stayed behind, thinking more was to be obtained, as more indeed was, and the whole consumed nobody knows how. However, the sums procured from his Lordship were by no means so large as has been supposed; five thousand pounds would probably cover the whole, and that chiefly by way of loan, which has, I hear, been repaid since his death. The truth is, that the only good Lord Byron did, or probably ever could have done to Greece was, that his presence conferred an eclat on the cause all over Europe, and disposed the people of England to join in the loan. The lenders were dazzled, by his co-operation with the Greeks, into an idea of the security of their money, which they ought to have been assured of on much better grounds; but it requires some time and labour to learn the real state of a country, while it was pleasant gossip to talk of Lord Byron in Greece. The

fact is, that if any of the foreign loans are worth a farthing it is that to the Greeks, who are decidedly more under the control of European public opinion than any other nation in the world; about their capability to pay no one can doubt, and their honesty is secured by their interest.

Lord Byron was noted for a kind of poetical misanthropy, but it existed much more in the imagination of the public than in reality. He was fond of society, very good-natured when not irritated, and, so far from being gloomy, was, on the contrary, of a cheerful jesting temperament, and fond of witnessing even low buffoonery; such as setting a couple of vulgar fellows to quarrel, making them drunk, or disposing them in any other way to show their folly. In his writings he certainly dwelt with pleasure on a character which had somehow or other laid hold of his fancy, and consequently under this character he has appeared to the public: viz. that of a proud and scornful being, who pretended to be disgusted with his species, because he himself had been guilty of all sorts of crimes against society, and who made a point of dividing his time between cursing and blessing, murdering and saving, robbing and giving, hating and loving, just as the wind of his humour blew. This *penchant* for outlaws and pirates might naturally enough flow from his own character, and the circumstances of his life, without there being the slightest resemblance between the poet and the Corsair.* He had a kind and generous heart, and gloried in a splendid piece of benevolence; that is to say, the dearest exercise of power to him was in unexpectedly changing the state of another from misery to happiness: he sympathized deeply with the joy he was the creator of. But he was in a great error with respect to the merit of such actions, and in a greater still respecting the reward which he thought awaited him. He imagined that he was laying up a great capital at compound interest. He reckoned upon a large return of gratitude and devotion, and was not content with the instant recompense which charity receives. They who understand the principles of human action know that it is foolish in a benefactor to look further than the pleasure of consciousness and sympathy, and that if he does, he is a creditor, and not a donor, and must be content to be viewed as creditors are always viewed by their debtors, with distrust and uneasiness. On this mistake were founded most of his charges against human nature; but his feelings, true to nature, and not obeying the false direction of his prejudices and erroneous opinions, still made him love his kind with an ardour which removed him as far as possible from misanthropy. It is very remarkable that all your misanthropists as painted by the poets are the very best men in the world—to be sure, they do not go much into company, but they are always on the watch to do benevolent actions in secret, and no distress is ever suffered to remain long unrelieved in the neighbourhood of a hater of his fellow men. Another cause of Lord Byron's misanthropical turn of writing was his high respect for himself. He had a vast reverence for his own

person, and all he did and thought of doing, inculcated into him, as into other lords, by mothers, governors, grooms, and nursemaids. When he observed another man neglecting *his* wants for the sake of some petty gratification of his own, it appeared to him very base in the individual, and a general charge against all mankind—he was positively filled with indignation. He mentions somewhere in his works with becoming scorn, that one of his relatives accompanied a female friend to a milliner's, in preference to coming to take leave of him when he was going abroad. The fact is, no one ever loved his fellow man more than Lord Byron; he stood in continual need of his sympathy, his respect, his affection, his attentions, and he was proportionably disgusted and depressed when they were found wanting; this was foolish enough, but he was not much of a reasoner on these points,—he was a poet. In his latter quality, it was his business to foster all these discontented feelings, for the public like in poetry nothing better than scorn, contempt, derision, indignation; and especially a kind of fierce mockery which distinguishes the transition from a disturbed state of the imagination to lunacy. Consequently, finding this mood take with the public, when he sat down to write he began by lashing himself up into this state, his first business being, like Jove, to compel all the black clouds together he could lay his hands on. Besides, there is much that is romantic and interesting in a moody and mysterious Beltenebros; it is not every body that *can* be *sated* with the most exquisite joys of society; a man to have had his appetite so palled must have had huge success, he must have been a man of consideration in the eyes of the beautiful and the rich. To *scorn* implies that you are very much better than those you scorn; that you are very good, or very great, or very wise, and that others are the direct contrary. To *despise* is another mark of superiority. To be *sad* and *silent* are proofs that much sensation, perhaps of the most impassioned kind, has been experienced, is departed, and is mourned: this is touching; and a man who wishes to attract attention cannot do better, if he be handsome and genteel, than look woful and affect taciturnity. Lord Byron was well aware of all this, and chose, for the purpose of exciting sympathy in his readers, to represent himself in the masquerade dress of Childe Harold. One day when Fletcher, his valet, was cheapening some monkeys, which he thought exorbitantly dear, and refused to purchase without abatement, his master said to him, "Buy them, buy them, Fletcher, I like them better than men; they amuse and never plague me." In the same spirit is his epitaph on his Newfoundland dog, a spirit partly affected and partly genuine. The genuine part he would certainly never have retained, if he had reflected a little more upon the nature of his own feelings, and the motives which actuate men in every the least action of their lives. Boys enter upon the world stuffed with schoolboy notions which their tutors feel it necessary to fill them with, about generosity, disinterestedness, liberty, honour, and patriotism; and when in life

they find nobody acting upon these, and that they never did and never can, they are disgusted, and consider themselves entitled to despise mankind, because they are under a delusion with respect to themselves and every body else. Some of them, if men of genius, turn poets and misanthropists; some sink into mere sensualists; and some, convinced of the hollowness of the things they have been taught to declaim about, unwisely conclude that no better system of morality is to be had, that there is nothing real but place, power, and profit, and become the willing instruments of the oppressors of mankind. The fault lies in EDUCATION, and if there is any good to be done in the world that is the end to begin at.

Much of Lord Byron's poetry took its peculiar hue from the circumstances of his life,—such as his travels in Greece, which formed a most important epoch in the history of his mind. The “oriental twist in his imagination,” was thence derived; his scenery, his imagery, his costume, and many of the materials of his stories, and a great deal of the character of his personages.—That country was the stimulant which excited his great powers; and much of the form in which they showed themselves is to be attributed to it. His great susceptibility to external impressions, his intense sympathy with the appearances of nature, which distinguished him, were the fruits either of original conformation, or a much earlier stage of his experience; but it was in Greece, the most beautiful and picturesque of countries, that he came to the full enjoyment of himself. Certainly no poet either before or since so completely identified himself with nature, and gave to it all the animation and the intellection of a human being. Benjamin Constant, in his work on Religion, lately published in Paris, quotes this passage from the *Island*, and appends to it the observation which I shall copy at the end.

How often we forget all time, when lone
Admiring nature's universal throne,
Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the intense
Reply of hers to our intelligence!
Live not the stars and mountains? Are the waves
Without a spirit? Are the drooping caves
Without a feeling in their silent tears?
No—no—they woo and clasp us to their spheres,
Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before
Its hour, and merge our soul in the great shore.
Strip off this fond and false identity!
Who thinks of self when gazing on the sea?

The Island.

On this fine passage Benjamin Constant observes: “On nous assure que certains hommes accusent Lord Byron d'athéisme, et d'impiété. Il y a plus de religion dans ces douze vers que dans les écrits passés, présents, et futurs, de tous ces dénonciateurs mis ensemble.” Such is the Frenchman's notion of religion; if it be correct, our poets must be as of old our priests again, and clergymen be dismissed for want of imagination. Lord Byron had not the dramatic talent, that is, he could not discriminate human characters and assume them; but he seems to have had this dramatic

talent as applied, not to human beings, but to natural objects, in the greatest perfection. He could nicely discern their distinctive differences, adapt words and sentiments to them, and hold intercourse with them of a very refined and beautiful description. When he travelled, he communed with the hills, and the valleys, and the ocean. Certainly, he did not travel for fashion's sake, nor would he follow in the wake of the herd of voyagers. As much as he had been about the Mediterranean, he had never visited Vesuvius or *Ætna*, because all the world had; and when any of the well-known European volcanic mountains were mentioned he would talk of the Andes, which he used to express himself as most anxious to visit. In going to Greece the last time, he went out of his way to see *Stromboli*; and when it happened that there was no eruption during the night his vessel lay off there, he cursed and swore bitterly for no short time.

In travelling, he was an odd mixture of indolence and capricious activity; it was scarcely possible to get him away from a place under six months, and very difficult to keep him longer. In the *Westminster Review*, there is an interesting paper formed out of his letters, and out of *Fletcher's* account of his last illness, which though written with fairness, has unhappily the usual fault of going upon stilts. All Lord Byron's movements are attributed to some high motive or other, or some deep deliberation, when his friends well know that he went just as the wind did or did not blow. Among a deal more of bamboozlement about Lord Byron going to Greece or staying here or there, very sage reasons are given for his remaining in *Cephalonia* so long. The fact is, he had got set down there, and he was too idle to be removed; first, he was not to be got out of the vessel in which he had sailed, in which he dawdled for six weeks after his arrival, when the charter of the vessel expired, and he was compelled to change his quarters;—he then took up his residence in the little village of *Metexata*, where again he was not to be moved to *Missolonghi*, whither he had declared his resolution of proceeding: ship after ship was sent for him by *Mavrocordato*, and messenger upon messenger; he promised and promised, until at length, either worn out by inportunity, or weary of his abode, he hired a couple of vessels (refusing the Greek ships) and crossed.

It is said that his intention was not to remain in Greece,—that he determined to return after his attack of epilepsy. Probably it was only his removal into some better climate that was intended. Certainly a more miserable and unhealthy bog than *Missolonghi* is not to be found out of the fens of Holland, or the Isle of Ely. He either felt or affected to feel a presentiment that he should die in Greece, and when his return was spoken of, considered it as out of the question, predicting that the Turks, the Greeks, or the *Malaria*, would effectually put an end to any designs he might have of returning. At the moment of his seizure with the epileptic fits prior to his last illness, he was jesting with *Parry*, an engineer sent

out by the Greek committee, who, by dint of being his butt, had got great power over him, and indeed, became every thing to him. Besides this man there was Fletcher, who had lived with him twenty years, and who was originally a shoemaker, whom his lordship had picked up in the village where he lived, at Newstead, and who, after attending him in some of his rural adventures, became attached to his service: he had also a faithful Italian servant, Battista; a Greek secretary; and Count Gamba seems to have acted the part of his Italian secretary. Lord Byron spoke French very imperfectly, and Italian not correctly, and it was with the greatest difficulty he could be prevailed upon to make attempts in a foreign language. He would get any body about him to interpret for him, though he might know the language better than his interpreter.

When dying, he did not know his situation till a very short time before he fell into the profound lethargy from which he never awoke; and after he knew his danger, he could never speak intelligibly, but muttered his indistinct directions in three languages. He seems to have spoken of his wife and his daughter—chiefly of the latter; to this child he was very strongly attached, with indeed an intense parental feeling; his wife I do not believe he ever cared much for, and probably he married her from mercenary motives.

I shall not attempt any summing up of the desultory observations which I have thrown together, in the hope of superseding the cant and trash that has and will be said and sung about the character of this great man. All that is necessary to add by way of conclusion, may be condensed into a very few words. Lord Byron was a *lord* of very powerful intellect and strong passions; these are almost sufficient *data* for a moral geometer to construct the whole figure; at least, add the following sentence, and sufficient is given; whether by early romantic experience, or by a natural extreme sensitiveness to external impressions, it was of all his intellectual faculties the imagination which was chiefly developed. Putting them together, we may conclude, as was the fact, that he was irritable, capricious, at times even childish, wilful, dissipated, infidel, sensual; with little of that knowledge which is got at school, and much of that acquired afterwards: he was capable of enthusiasm; and though intensely selfish, that is, enjoying his own sensations, he was able to make great sacrifices, or, in other words, he had a taste for the higher kinds of selfishness, i. e. the most useful and valuable kinds; he was generous, fearless, open, veracious, and a cordial lover of society and of conviviality; he was ardent in his friendships, but inconstant; and, however generally fond of his friends, more apt to be heartily weary of them than people usually are.

No more epithets need be heaped together; all that men have in general, he had in more than ordinary force; some of the qualities which men rarely have he possessed to a splendid degree of perfection.

Such is *the PERSONAL character of Lord Byron*, as I have been able to draw it from having had access to peculiar sources of information, and from being placed in a situation best calculated, as I think, to form an impartial opinion.

R. N.

[Selected for the *Museum* from a late English Work.]

SIMON BOLIVAR.

THIS celebrated defender of South American independence was born at Caraccas, in 1785, and is of a noble and extremely rich family. He was sent at an early period to Spain to be educated, and when he had completed his studies, he went to Paris, where he was much noticed for his talent and learning, in all the best societies of the capital. At Paris he was a constant attendant on all the public lectures. He contracted an intimacy with Humboldt and Bonpland, travelled with them for some time, and successively visited England, Italy, Switzerland, and a large part of Germany, to make himself acquainted with their customs, and the character of man. Returning to Venezuela, he was appointed a colonel in the service of the newly established republic, and was sent to London on an important mission, the expense of which he himself defrayed. When Bolivar came back, Miranda gave him the command at Puerto Cabello, but the Spanish prisoners having risen and seized the fort, Bolivar was obliged to evacuate the town, and proceed by sea to Caraccas.

After Miranda had capitulated with Monteverde, and resistance seemed to be at an end in Venezuela, Bolivar retired to Curagoa, where he formed a connexion with Brion, by which he procured maritime co-operation. He then offered his services to the Congress of New Granada, and they were accepted. Finding that the Venezuelans were disposed once more to throw off the Spanish yoke, he obtained from the Congress a body of six hundred men, with which, in 1813, he penetrated across the Andes into Venezuela, and after several sanguinary actions, succeeded in wresting from the enemy the whole of that province, excepting the ports of La Guyra and Porto Cabello, in the latter of which Monteverde defended himself with the most obstinate determination. It was in this campaign that the guerra a muerte, or exterminatory war began, in consequence of the Spaniards having put to death some of their prisoners. The Spanish domination would now have been annihilated, had not Monteverde contrived to arm the slaves, and thus to spread insurrection over the whole extent of the country. Boves, Puy, Palomo, and others were at the head of these auxiliaries to the Spaniards. The whole country was ravaged with fire and sword. Bolivar, who had been declared dictator of Venezuela, now marched against these new enemies, overthrew them in some encounters, and would probably have destroyed them had he not

divided his army, and suffered himself to be surprised by Boves, who defeated him in a decisive engagement. The consequence was, distrust and disunion among the republicans, and the complete triumph of the royalists, who showed no mercy to their antagonists. Bolivar again retired to New Granada, and served two years under the banners of the Congress.

When the Spanish troops, under Morillo, reached the South American coast, in 1815, Bolivar threw himself into Carthagena, which he defended for a long time, till resistance became hopeless. He then made his way with part of his army through the besiegers, and retired to St. Domingo. Carthagena surrendered to the Spaniards in December, 1815, and by June, 1816, Morillo had reduced not only the Caraccas, but also New Granada, the capital of the latter province having fallen into his hands.

The spirit of resistance, however, was not destroyed. Arismendi drove the Spaniards from the island of Margarita, and Bolivar arrived there with his forces, which he had recruited at Auxcayes, and was soon joined by Brion. After some attempts on the coasts of Caraccas and New Granada, Bolivar and Brion ascended the Orinoco, and made themselves masters of Angostura, the capital of Spanish Guyana. There Bolivar increased his strength by means of volunteers from Europe, and prepared to commence another struggle with Morillo. In 1817, he ascended the river Apure, and penetrated into Caraccas, as far as Calabozo, but after several hard fought battles, he was worsted in a contest near Ortin, and compelled to return to Angostura.

Undismayed by these reverses, Bolivar changed his plan, and resolved to begin by the conquest of New Granada; an operation which was likely to succeed, as the enemy did not expect to be attacked in that quarter. Accordingly, embarking the whole of his forces, he ascended the Orinoco and the Meta, by a difficult and dangerous navigation. He thus penetrated into New Granada, and made himself master of Santa Fé, the capital, in August, 1819. This blow was decisive. He was joined by numbers, and had the resources of an extensive country at his command. Morillo in vain endeavoured to stop his progress. The country under his authority was gradually wrested from him by successive defeats and defections, and towards the close of 1820, he concluded an armistice with Bolivar, in order to afford time to negotiate a treaty between the South Americans and the government of Spain. That armistice still subsists; and it is probable that the independence of New Granada and Venezuela will eventually be acknowledged. Thus, after a struggle of eleven years, the valour and perseverance of Bolivar will be crowned with success, and he will indisputably have a claim to the title which was long ago given to him, of "The Liberator of his Country."

JOHN BARROW, LL.D.

THIS gentleman is said to have been originally an assistant in Dr. James's academy at Greenwich. His mathematical talents pointed him out as a proper person to accompany the embassy to China. He was private secretary to Lord Macartney, while that nobleman was ambassador to China, and afterwards, when he was governor of the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Barrow has published his "*Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa*," quarto; the first volume in 1797, and the second in 1798. A few years after, he published his "*Travels in China*," 4to. His "*Voyage to Cochin-China*," did not appear until 1806. On the death of his patron, the late Earl Macartney, Mr. Barrow published his life, together with some few of the writings of his lordship. He is likewise the author of "*A Chronological History of Voyages into the Arctic Regions*," 2 vols. 8vo. Mr. Barrow is believed to be a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*. His connexion with Lord Macartney introduced our author to many of the nobility; and Lord Spencer, when at the head of the Admiralty, appointed him second secretary, a place he now enjoys.

WILLIAM BECKFORD.

THIS gentleman, who is known as an author, and still more as a man of taste, is the son of the patriotic alderman Beckford, from whom he inherits immense estates, which we believe are situated chiefly in the West Indies. He was little more than sixteen, when, in 1780, he gave to the world his "*Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters*;" a work which is not, as its title seems to imply, a serious composition, but of a ludicrous kind. This was followed, not long after, by "*Caliph Vathek*," an oriental tale, in which he displayed both genius and learning. Mr. Beckford has travelled in almost every part of Europe, and is said to have by him, in manuscript, several works on the subject of his travels, among which is mentioned, "*Letters on the most Distinguished Personages of the different Courts of Europe*." Mr. Beckford has for many years been a member of the House of Commons. In 1790, he was first elected for the borough of Hindon, of which he is said to possess a moiety of the influence; and he still represents that town in parliament. His seat of Fonthill Abbey, from the designs of Wyatt, is one of the most splendid mansions which has been built in modern times, and it contains a valuable library and collection of the works of art. Mr. Beckford married Lady Margaret Gordon, only sister of the Earl of Aboyne, by whom he has two daughters, one of whom, Susan Euphemia, was married, in 1810, to the Marquis of Douglas, who has recently succeeded to the title of Duke of Hamilton.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ON THE PRESERVATION OF THE COPPER-SHEATHING OF SHIPS.

THERE is scarcely any single department of practical science so pregnant with interest to a maritime nation like Great Britain as the recent discoveries made by that illustrious chemist Sir Humphrey Davy, applicable to the preservation of the copper-sheathing of vessels from corrosion. The expenditure, occasioned by the rapid destruction of the sheathing of his Majesty's ships, alone forms a very considerable item in the naval department of the public service. But the loss to the country from their decay bears but a small proportion, during time of peace, to the aggregate loss sustained by the mercantile interests, from similar causes. Indeed the very considerable expense of copper-sheathing, added to its rapid decay, serves to prohibit its use in numerous instances, notwithstanding the additional security it gives to a ship, by preventing the opening of her planks, and consequent leakage, in bad weather. But in spite of this expense and sacrifice, every ship destined for navigating the tropical seas, if not protected by sheathing, in a very short period becomes perforated through the bottom by the innumerable marine animalculæ which abound in the warmer latitudes. It would perhaps be an interesting inquiry to many persons concerned, to compute the annual loss which the ship-owners of this great maritime nation sustain, from the corrosion and destruction of copper-sheathing; but although the amount must be obviously very great, it would encroach too much upon your miscellaneous columns to enter into such investigation. I shall therefore proceed to give your readers an abstract of the valuable researches of Sir H. Davy, which promise to lead to the most important results in the preservation of shipping. The president, in the communication of his important researches on this subject, to the Royal Society, after alluding to the rapid decay of the sheathing of the ships in his Majesty's service, observes:

"It has been generally supposed that sea-water had little or no action on pure copper, and that the rapid decay of the copper on certain ships was owing to its impurity. On trying, however, the action of sea-water on two specimens of copper, sent by J. Vivian, Esq. to Mr. Faraday for analysis, I found the specimen which appeared absolutely pure, was acted upon even more rapidly than the specimen which contained alloy: and on pursuing the inquiry with specimens of various kinds of copper which had been collected by the Navy Board and sent to the Royal Society, and some of which had been considered as remarkable for their durability, and others for their rapid decay, I found that they offered only very inconsiderable differences on their action upon sea-water; and consequently the changes they had undergone must have depended upon other causes than the absolute quality of the metal."

Sir Humphrey then describes the chemical agency between sea-water and a sheet of copper as follows:

"When a piece of polished copper is suffered to remain in sea-water, the first effects observed are a yellow tarnish upon the copper, and a cloudiness in the water, which takes place in a few hours. The hue of the cloudiness is at first

white, it then changes to green. Within a day a blueish green precipitate appears at the bottom of the vessel, which constantly accumulates, at the same time the surface of the copper corrodes, appearing red in the water, and grass-green where it is in contact with the air. Carbonate of soda gradually forms upon this grass-green matter, and these changes continue until the water becomes much less saline. The green precipitate, when examined by the action of the solution of ammonia and other tests, appears to consist of an insoluble compound of copper (which may be called a hydrated sub-muriate) and hydrate of magnesia.

"According to the views which I developed fourteen years ago, of the nature of the compounds of chlorine, and which are now generally adopted, it is evident that soda and magnesia cannot appear in sea-water by the action of a metal, unless in consequence of an absorption or transfer of oxygen. It was therefore necessary, in order to produce these changes, that water should be decomposed, or that oxygen should be absorbed from the atmosphere. I found that no hydrogen was disengaged, and consequently no water was decomposed: the oxygen of the air must therefore have been the agent concerned, as appeared subsequently by numerous experiments.

"Copper placed in sea-water, deprived of air by boiling or exhaustion, and exposed in an exhausted receiver, or in an atmosphere of hydrogen gas, underwent no change whatever. But an absorption of atmospheric air was shown, when copper and sea-water were exposed to its agency in close vessels."

Sir Humphrey after referring to the principles of chemical and electrical agency, which he developed twelve or fourteen years ago by his beautiful experiments on the alkalis, farther observes:

"Copper is a metal only weakly positive in the electro-chemical scale, and, according to my ideas, it could only act upon sea-water when in a positive state, and consequently, if it could be rendered slightly negative, the corroding action of sea-water would be null; and whatever might be the differences of the kinds of copper-sheathing and their electrical action on each other, still every effect of chemical action must be prevented, *if the whole surface were rendered negative.* I began with an extreme case. I rendered sea-water slightly acidulous by sulphuric acid, and plunged into it a polished piece of copper, to which a piece of tin was soldered equal to about one-twentieth of the copper. Examined after three days, the copper remained perfectly clean, whilst the tin was rapidly corroded. No blueness appeared in the liquor: though in a comparative experiment, when copper alone and the same fluid mixture were used, there was a considerable corrosion of the copper and a distinct blue tint in the liquor. If one-twentieth part of the surface of tin prevented the action of sea-water, rendered slightly acidulous by sulphuric acid, I had no doubt a much smaller quantity would neutralize the action of sea-water, when depending only on the oxygen contained in common air. And on trial, I found that one two-hundredth part of tin in proportion to the copper was sufficient to prevent the corrosion of the latter. In pursuing these experiments, and applying them in every possible form and connexion, the results were of the most satisfactory kind. A piece of zinc as large as a pea, or the point of a small iron nail, was found fully adequate to preserve forty or fifty square inches of copper; and the result was equally satisfactory, in whatever part of the sheet of copper the other metal was placed. And even when the connexion between different sheets of copper was completed by wires or thin filaments of the fiftieth of an inch diameter, the effect was the same; every side, every surface or particle of the copper remained perfectly bright after being placed in sea-water for many weeks; while the iron or zinc was slightly corroded.

"A piece of thick sheet-copper was cut in such a manner as to form seven divisions, connected only by the smallest filaments that could be left; and a slip of zinc, one-fifth of an inch wide, was soldered to the upper edge. The whole, after being immersed for a month in sea-water, left the copper in a *bright polished state*, as at first. The same experiment succeeded with a slip of iron, soldered to the copper; whilst similar pieces of copper, *undefended*, were considerably corroded by the salt water."

The importance of this discovery in the preservation of our shipping can at present scarcely be appreciated; for there appears to be

not a shade of doubt as to its complete efficacy when reduced to practice. Sir Humphrey is still pursuing his researches on a large scale; but his observations on a comparative experiment, made for the purpose of demonstrating its practical effects, is all I shall venture to extract from his late communication to the Royal Society.—

"As the ocean may be considered, in its relation to the quantity of copper in a ship, as an infinitely extended conductor, I endeavoured to ascertain whether this circumstance would influence the results. By placing two very fine copper wires, one *undefended*, the other *defended* by a particle of zinc, in a very large vessel of sea-water, which water may be considered as having the same relation to so minute a portion of metal, as the sea to the copper-sheathing of a ship. The result of this experiment was equally satisfactory with that of all the preceding. The defended copper underwent no change whatever; whilst the undefended wire tarnished, corroded, and deposited a green powder."

These electro-chemical researches bid fair to open a most extensive field for investigation, and to prove of infinite value to the arts: for it seems not improbable that means will speedily be found, in almost every case, to prevent that destruction, or at least injury, to which all metallic surfaces are liable, from what is termed oxidation by the atmospheric air. I shall not fail to communicate to your readers, in the ensuing numbers, such new facts as become developed in this very interesting department of science.

FROM KNIGHT'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

FRAGMENTS OF A ROMAN TALE.

IT was an hour after noon. Ligarius was returning from the Campus Martius. He strolled through one of the streets which led to the forum, settling his gown, and calculating the odds on the gladiators who were to fence at the approaching Saturnalia. While thus occupied, he overtook Flaminus, who, with a heavy step and a melancholy face, was sauntering in the same direction. The light-hearted young man plucked him by the sleeve.

"Good day, Flaminus. Are you to be of Catiline's party this evening?"

"Not I."

"Why so? Your little Tarentine girl will break her heart."

"No matter. Catiline has the best cooks and the finest wine in Rome. There are charming women at his parties. But the twelve-line board and the dice-box pay for all. The gods confound me if I did not lose two millions of sesterces last night. My villa at Tibur, and all the statues that my father the prætor brought from Ephesus, must go to the auctioneer. That is a high price, you will acknowledge, even for Phœnicopters, Chian, and Callinice."

"High indeed, by Pollux."

"And that is not the worst. I saw several of the leading senators this morning. Strange things are whispered in the higher political circles."

"The gods confound the political circles. I have hated the name of politician ever since Sylla's proscription, when I was within a moment of having my throat cut by a politician, who took me for another politician. While there is a cask of Falernian in Campania, or a girl in the Suburra, I shall be too well employed to think on the subject."

"You will do well," said Flaminius gravely, "to bestow some little consideration upon it at present. Otherwise, I fear, you will soon renew your acquaintance with politicians, in a manner quite as unpleasant as that to which you allude."

"Averting gods! what do you mean?"

"I will tell you. There are rumours of conspiracy. The order of things established by Lucius Sylla has excited the disgust of the people, and of a large party of the nobles. Some violent convulsion is expected."

"What is that to me? I suppose that they will hardly proscribe the vintners and gladiators, or pass a law compelling every citizen to take a wife."

"You do not understand. Catiline is supposed to be the author of the revolutionary schemes. You must have heard bold opinions at his table repeatedly."

"I never listen to any opinions upon such subjects, bold or timid."

"Look to it. Your name has been mentioned."

"Mine! good gods! I call heaven to witness that I never so much as mentioned Senate, Consul, or Comitia, in Catiline's house."

"Nobody suspects you of any participation in the inmost counsels of the party. But our great men surmise that you are among those whom he has bribed so high with beauty, or entangled so deeply in distress, that they are no longer their own masters. I shall never set foot within his threshold again. I have been solemnly warned by men who understand public affairs; and I advise you to be cautious."

The friends had now turned into the forum, which was thronged with the gay and elegant youth of Rome. "I can tell you more," continued Flaminius; "somebody was remarking to the Consul yesterday how loosely a certain acquaintance of ours tied his girdle. 'Let him look to himself,' said Cicero, 'or the state may find a tighter girdle for his neck.'"

"Good gods! who is it? You cannot surely mean ——"

"There he is."

Flaminius pointed to a man who was pacing up and down the forum at a little distance from them. He was in the prime of manhood. His personal advantages were extremely striking, and were displayed with an extravagant but not ungraceful foppery.

His gown waved in loose folds; his long dark curls were dressed with exquisite art, and shone and steamed with odours; his step and gesture exhibited an elegant and commanding figure in every posture of polite languor. But his countenance formed a singular contrast to the general appearance of his person. The high and imperial brow, the keen aquiline features, the compressed mouth, the penetrating eye, indicated the highest degree of ability and decision. He seemed absorbed in intense meditation. With eyes fixed on the ground, and lips working in thought, he sauntered round the area, apparently unconscious how many of the young gallants of Rome were envying the taste of his dress, and the ease of his fashionable stagger.

"Good heaven!" said Ligarius, "Caius Cæsar is as unlikely to be in a plot as I am."

"Not at all."

"He does nothing but game, feast, intrigue, read Greek, and write verses."

"You know nothing of Cæsar. Though he rarely addresses the Senate, he is considered as the finest speaker there, after the Consul. His influence with the multitude is immense. He will serve his rivals in public life as he served me last night at Catiline's. We were playing at the twelve lines.*—Immense stakes. He laughed all the time, chatted with Valeria over his shoulder, kissed her hand between every two moves, and scarcely looked at the board. I thought that I had him. All at once I found my counters driven into the corner. Not a piece to move, by Hercules. It cost me two millions of sesterces. All the gods and goddesses confound him for it!"

"As to Valeria," said Ligarius, "I forgot to ask whether you have heard the news."

"Not a word. What?"

"I was told at the baths to-day that Cæsar escorted the lady home. Unfortunately old Quintus Lutatius had come back from his villa in Campania, in a whim of jealousy. He was not expected for three days. There was a fine tumult. The old fool called for his sword and his slaves, cursed his wife, and swore that he would cut Cæsar's throat."

"And Cæsar?"

"He laughed, quoted Anacreon, trussed his gown round his left arm, closed with Quintus, flung him down, twisted his sword out of his hand, burst through the attendants, ran a freedman through the shoulder, and was in the street in an instant."

"Well done! here he comes. Good day, Caius."

Cæsar lifted his head at the salutation. His air of deep abstraction vanished, and he extended his hand to each of the friends.

"How are you after your last night's exploit?"

* *Duodecim scripta*, a game of mixed chance and skill, which seems to have been very fashionable in the higher circles of Rome. The famous lawyer Mucius was renowned for his skill in it.—(*Cic. Orat. I. 50.*)

"As well as possible," said Cæsar, laughing.

"In truth we should rather ask how Quintus Lutatius is."

"He, I understand, is as well as can be expected of a man with a faithless spouse and a broken head. His freedman is more seriously hurt. Poor fellow! he shall have half of whatever I win to-night. Flaminius, you shall have your revenge at Catiline's."

"You are very kind. I do not intend to be at Catiline's till I wish to part with my town-house. My villa is gone already."

"Not at Catiline's, base spirit! You are not of his mind, my gallant Ligarius. Dice, Chian, and the loveliest Greek singing-girl that was ever seen. Think of that, Ligarius. By Venus, she almost made me adore her, by telling me that I talked Greek with the most Attic accent that she had heard in Italy."

"I doubt she will not say the same of me," replied Ligarius. "I am just as able to decipher an obelisk as to read a line of Homer."

"You barbarous Seythian, who had the care of your education?"

"An old fool,—a Greek pedant,—a stoic. He told me that pain was no evil, and flogged me as if he thought so. At last one day, in the middle of a lecture, I set fire to his enormous filthy beard, singed his face, and sent him roaring out of the house. There ended my studies. From that time to this I have had as little to do with Greece, as the wine that your poor old friend Lutatius calls his delicious Samian."

"Well done, Ligarius. I hate a stoic. I wish Marcus Cato had a beard that you might singe it for him. The fool talked his two hours in the senate yesterday, without changing a muscle of his face. He looked as savage and as motionless as the mask in which Roscius acted Alecto. I detest every thing connected with him."

"Except his sister Servilia."

"True. She is a lovely woman."

"They say that you have told her so, Caius."

"So I have."

"And that she was not angry."

"What woman is?"

"Aye,—but they say——"

"No matter what they say. Common fame lies like a Greek rhetorician. You might know so much, Ligarius, without reading the philosophers. But come, I will introduce you to little dark-eyed Zoe."

"I tell you I can speak no Greek."

"More shame for you. It is high time that you should begin. You will never have such a charming instructress. Of what was your father thinking when he sent for an old stoic with a long beard to teach you? There is no language-mistress like a handsome woman. When I was at Athens, I learnt more Greek from a pretty flower-girl in the Peiræus than from all the Portico and

the Academy. She was no stoic, heaven knows. But come along to Zoe. I will be your interpreter. Woo her in honest Latin, and I will turn it into elegant Greek between the throws of dice. I can make love and mind my game at once, as Flaminius can tell you."

"Well then, to be plain, Cæsar, Flaminius has been talking to me about plots, and suspicions, and politicians. I never plagued myself with such things since Sylla's and Marius's days; and then I never could see much difference between the parties. All that I am sure of is, that those who meddle with such affairs are generally stabbed or strangled. And though I like Greek wine and handsome women, I do not wish to risk my neck for them. Now, tell me as a friend, Caius;—is there no danger?"

"Danger!" repeated Cæsar, with a short, fierce, disdainful laugh, "what danger do you apprehend?"

"That you should best know," said Flaminius; "you are far more intimate with Catiline than I. But I advise you to be cautious. The leading men entertain strong suspicions."

Cæsar drew up his figure from its ordinary state of graceful relaxation into an attitude of commanding dignity, and replied in a voice of which the deep and impassioned melody formed a strange contrast to the humorous and affected tone of his ordinary conversation. "Let them suspect. They suspect because they know what they have deserved. What have they done for Rome?—What for mankind?—Ask the citizens. Ask the provinces. Have they had any other object than to perpetuate their own exclusive power, and to keep us under the yoke of an oligarchical tyranny, which unites in itself the worst evils of every other system, and combines more than Athenian turbulence with more than Persian despotism?"

"Good Gods! Cæsar. It is not safe for you to speak, or for us to listen to such things, at such a crisis."

"Judge for yourselves what you will hear. I will judge for myself what I will speak. I was not twenty years old when I defied Lucius Sylla, surrounded by the spears of legionaries and the daggers of assassins. Do you suppose that I stand in awe of his paltry successors, who have inherited a power which they never could have acquired; who would imitate his proscriptions, though they have never equalled his conquests?"

"Pompey is almost as little to be trifled with as Sylla. I heard a consular senator say, that, in consequence of the present alarming state of affairs, he would probably be recalled from the command assigned to him by the Manilian law."

"Let him come,—the pupil of Sylla's butcheries,—the gleaner of Lucullus's trophies,—the thief-taker of the Senate."

"For heaven's sake, Caius!—if you knew what the Consul said—"

"Something about himself, no doubt. Pity that such talents should be coupled with such cowardice and coxcomby. He is

the finest speaker living,—infinitely superior to what Hortensius was, in his best days;—a charming companion, except when he tells over for the twentieth time all the jokes that he made at Verres's trial. But he is the despicable tool of a despicable party."

"Your language, Caius, convinces me that the reports which have been circulated are not without foundation. I will venture to prophecy that within a few months the republic will pass through a whole *Odyssey* of strange adventures."

"I believe so; an *Odyssey* of which Pompey will be the Polyphemus, and Cicero the Syren. I would have the state imitate Ulysses—show no mercy to the former; but contrive, if it can be done, to listen to the enchanting voice of the other, without being seduced by it to destruction."

"But whom can your party produce as rivals to these two famous leaders?"

"Time will show. I would hope that there may arise a man, whose genius to conquer, to conciliate, and to govern, may unite in one cause an oppressed and divided people;—may do all that Sylla should have done, and exhibit the magnificent spectacle of a great nation directed by a great mind."

"And where is such a man to be found?"

"Perhaps where you would least expect to find him. Perhaps he may be one whose powers have hitherto been concealed in domestic or literary retirement. Perhaps he may be one, who, while waiting for some adequate excitement, for some worthy opportunity, squanders on trifles a genius, before which may yet be humbled the sword of Pompey and the gown of Cicero. Perhaps he may now be disputing with a sophist; perhaps prattling with a mistress; perhaps——" and, as he spoke, he turned away, and resumed his lounge, "strolling in the Forum."

It was almost midnight. The party had separated. Catiline and Cethegus were still conferring in the supper-room, which was, as usual, the highest apartment of the house. It formed a cupola, from which windows opened on the flat roof that surrounded it. To this terrace Zoe had retired. With eyes dimmed by fond and melancholy tears, she leaned over the balustrade, to catch the last glimpse of the departing form of Cæsar, as it grew more and more indistinct in the moonlight. Had he any thought of her? Any love for her? He, the favourite of the high-born beauties of Rome, the most splendid, the most graceful, the most eloquent of its nobles? It could not be. His voice had, indeed, been touchingly soft whenever he addressed her. There had been a fascinating tenderness even in the vivacity of his look and conversation. But such were always the manners of Cæsar towards women. He had wreathed a sprig of myrtle in her hair as she was singing. She took it from her dark ringlets, and kissed it, and wept over it, and thought of the sweet legends of her own dear Greece,—of youths and girls, who, pining away in hopeless love, had been transformed

into flowers by the compassion of the Gods; and she wished to become a flower, which Cæsar might sometimes touch, though he should touch it only to weave a crown for some prouder and happier mistress.

She was roused from her musings by the loud step and voice of Cethegus, who was pacing furiously up and down the supper-room.

"May all the Gods confound me, if Cæsar be not the deepest traitor, or the most miserable idiot, that ever intermeddled with a plot!"

Zoe shuddered. She drew nearer to the window. She stood concealed from observation by the curtain of fine network which hung over the aperture, to exclude the annoying insects of the climate.

"And you, too!" continued Cethegus, turning fiercely on his accomplice; "you to take his part against me!—you, who proposed the scheme yourself!"

"My dear Caius Cethegus, you will not understand me. I proposed the scheme, and I will join in executing it. But policy is as necessary to our plans as boldness. I did not wish to startle Cæsar—to lose his co-operation—perhaps to send him off with an information against us to Cicero and Catulus. He was so indignant at your suggestion, that all my dissimulation was scarcely sufficient to prevent a total rupture."

"Indignant! The Gods confound him!—he prated about humanity, and generosity, and moderation. By Hercules, I have not heard such a lecture since I was with Xenochares at Rhodes."

"Cæsar is made up of inconsistencies. He has boundless ambition, unquestioned courage, admirable sagacity. Yet I have frequently observed in him a womanish weakness at the sight of pain. I remember that once one of his slaves was taken ill while carrying his litter. He alighted, put the fellow in his place, and walked home in a fall of snow. I wonder that you could be so ill-advised as to talk to him of massacre, and pillage, and conflagration. You might have foreseen that such propositions would disgust a man of his temper."

"I do not know. I have not your self-command, Lucius. I hate such conspirators. What is the use of them? We must have blood—blood,—hacking and tearing work—bloody work!"

"Do not grind your teeth, my dear Caius! and lay down the carving-knife. By Hercules, you have cut up all the stuffing of the couch."

"No matter; we shall have couches enough soon,—and down to stuff them with,—and purple to cover them,—and pretty women to loll on them,—unless this fool, and such as he, spoil our plans. I had something else to say. The essenced fop wishes to seduce Zoe from me."

"Impossible! You misconstrue the ordinary gallantries which he is in the habit of paying to every handsome face."

"Curse on his ordinary gallantries, and his verses, and his compliments, and his sprigs of myrtle! If Cæsar should dare—by Hercules, I will tear him to pieces in the middle of the Forum."

"Trust his destruction to me. We must use his talents and influence—thrust him upon every danger—make him our instrument while we are contending—our peace-offering to the Senate if we fail—our first victim if we succeed."

"Hark! what noise was that?"

"Somebody in the terrace!—lend me your dagger."

Catiline rushed to the window. Zoe was standing in the shade. He stepped out. She darted into the room—passed like a flash of lightning by the startled Cethegus—flew down the stairs—through the court—through the vestibule—through the street. Steps, voices, lights, came fast and confusedly behind her;—but with the speed of love and terror she gained upon her pursuers. She fled through the wilderness of unknown and dusky streets, till she found herself, breathless and exhausted, in the midst of a crowd of gallants, who, with chaplets on their heads, and torches in their hands, were reeling from the portico of a stately mansion.

The foremost of the throng was a youth whose slender figure and beautiful countenance seemed hardly consistent with his sex. But the feminine delicacy of his features rendered more frightful the mingled sensuality and ferocity of their expression. The libertine audacity of his stare, and the grotesque foppiness of his apparel, seemed to indicate at least a partial insanity. Flinging one arm round Zoe, and tearing away her veil with the other, he disclosed to the gaze of his thronging companions the regular features and large dark eyes which characterize Athenian beauty.

"Clodius has all the luck to night," cried Ligarius.

"Not so, by Hercules," said Marcus Cælius; "the girl is fairly our common prize; we will fling dice for her. The Venus* throw, as it ought to do, shall decide."

"Let me go—let me go, for Heaven's sake," cried Zoe, struggling with Clodius.

"What a charming Greek accent she has. Come into the house, my little Athenian nightingale."

"Oh! what will become of me? If you have mothers—if you have sisters——"

"Clodius has a sister," muttered Ligarius, "or he is much belied."

"By Heaven, she is weeping," said Clodius.

"If she were not evidently a Greek," said Cælius, "I should take her for a vestal virgin."

"And if she were a vestal virgin," cried Clodius fiercely; "it should not deter me. This way;—no struggling—no screaming."

"Struggling! screaming!" exclaimed a gay and commanding voice; "You are making very ungentle love, Clodius."

* Venus was the Roman term for the highest throw on the dice.

The whole party started. Cæsar had mingled with them unperceived.

The sound of his voice thrilled through the very heart of Zoe. With a convulsive effort she burst from the grasp of her insolent admirer, flung herself at the feet of Cæsar, and clasped his knees. The moon shone full on her agitated and imploring face; her lips moved, but she uttered no sound. He gazed at her for an instant—raised her—clasped her to his bosom." "Fear nothing, my sweet Zoe." Then, with folded arms, and a smile of placid defiance, he placed himself between her and Clodius.

Clodius staggered forward, flushed with wine and rage, and uttering alternately a curse and a hiccup.

"By Pollux this passes a jest. Cæsar, how dare you insult me thus?"

"A jest! I am as serious as a Jew on the Sabbath. Insult you! For such a pair of eyes I would insult the whole consular bench, or I should be as insensible as King Psammis's mummy."

"Good Gods, Cæsar!" said Marcus Cœlius, interposing; "you cannot think it worth while to get into a brawl for a little Greek girl!"

"Why not? the Greek girls have used me as well as those of Rome. Besides, the whole reputation of my gallantry is at stake. Give up such a lovely woman to that drunken boy! My character would be gone forever. No more perfumed tablets, full of vows and raptures! No more toying with fingers at the Circus. No more evening walks along the Tiber. No more hiding in chests, or jumping from windows. I, the favoured suitor of half the white stoles in Rome, could never again aspire above a freed-woman. You a man of gallantry, and think of such a thing! For shame, my dear Cœlius! Do not let Clodia hear of it."

While Cæsar spoke he had been engaged in keeping Clodius at arm's length. The rage of the frantic libertine increased as the struggle continued. "Stand back as you value your life," he cried; "I will pass."

"Not this way, sweet Clodius. I have too much regard for you to suffer you to make love at such disadvantage. You smell too much of Falernian at present. Would you stifle your mistress? By Hercules, you are fit to kiss nobody now, except old Piso, when he is tumbling home in the morning from the vintners.*"

Clodius plunged his hand into his bosom, and drew a little dagger, the faithful companion of many desperate adventures.

"Oh, Gods! he will be murdered!" cried Zoe.

The whole throng of revellers was in agitation. The street fluctuated with torches and lifted hands. It was but for a moment. Cæsar watched with a steady eye the descending hand of Clodius, arrested the blow, seized his antagonist by the throat, and flung

* Cic. in Pis.

him against one of the pillars of the portico with such violence, that he rolled, stunned and senseless, on the ground.

"He is killed," cried several voices.

"Fair self-defence, by Hercules!" said Marcus Cœlius. "Bear witness, you all saw him draw his dagger."

"He is not dead—he breathes," said Ligarius. "Carry him into the house; he is dreadfully bruised."

The rest of the party retired with Clodius. Cœlius turned to Cæsar.

"By all the Gods, Caius! you have won your lady fairly. A splendid victory! You deserve a triumph."

"What a madman Clodius has become!"

"Intolerable. But come and sup with me on the Nones. You have no objection to meet the Consul?"

"Cicero? None at all. We need not talk politics. Our old dispute about Plato and Epicurus will furnish us with plenty of conversation. So reckon upon me, my dear Marcus, and farewell."

Cæsar and Zoe turned away. As soon as they were beyond hearing, she began in great agitation:—

"Cæsar, you are in danger. I know all. I overheard Catiline and Cethegus. You are engaged in a project which must lead to certain destruction."

"My beautiful Zoe, I live only for glory and pleasure. For these I have never hesitated to hazard an existence which they alone render valuable to me. In the present case, I can assure you that our scheme presents the fairest hopes of success."

"So much the worse. You do not know—you do not understand me. I speak not of open peril, but of secret treachery. Catiline hates you;—Cethegus hates you;—your destruction is resolved. If you survive the contest, you perish in the first hour of victory. They detest you for your moderation;—they are eager for blood and plunder. I have risked my life to bring you this warning; but that is of little moment. Farewell!—Be happy!"

Cæsar stopped her. "Do you fly from my thanks, dear Zoe?"

"I wish not for your thanks, but for your safety;—I desire not to defraud Valeria or Servilia of one caress, extorted from gratitude or pity. Be my feelings what they may, I have learnt in a fearful school to endure and to suppress them. I have been taught to abase a proud spirit to the claps and hisses of the vulgar;—to smile on suitors who united the insults of a despicable pride to the endearments of a loathsome fondness;—to affect sprightliness with an aching head, and eyes from which tears were ready to gush;—to feign love with curses on my lips, and madness in my brain. Who feels for me any esteem—any tenderness? Who will shed a tear over the nameless grave which will soon shelter from cruelty and scorn the broken heart of the poor Athenian girl? but you, who alone have addressed her in her degradation with a voice of kindness and respect, farewell. Sometimes think of me,—not with

sorrow;—no: I could bear your ingratitude, but not your distress. Yet, if it will not pain you too much, in distant days, when your lofty hopes and destinies are accomplished,—on the evening of some mighty victory,—in the chariot of some magnificent triumph,—think on one who loved you with that exceeding love which only the miserable can feel. Think that, wherever her exhausted frame may have sunk beneath the sensibilities of a tortured spirit,—in whatever hovel or whatever vault she may have closed her eyes,—whatever strange scenes of horror and pollution may have surrounded her dying bed, your shape was the last that swam before her sight—your voice the last sound that was ringing in her ears. Yet turn your face to me, Cæsar. Let me carry away one last look of those features, and then——” He turned round. He looked at her. He hid his face on her bosom, and burst into tears. With sobs long and loud, and convulsive as those of a terrified child, he poured forth on her bosom the tribute of impetuous and uncontrollable emotion. He raised his head; but he in vain struggled to restore composure to the brow which had confronted the frown of Sylla, and the lips which had rivalled the eloquence of Cicero. He several times attempted to speak, but in vain; and his voice still faltered with tenderness, when, after a pause of several minutes, he thus addressed her:—

“My own dear Zoe, your love has been bestowed on one who, if he cannot merit, can at least appreciate and adore you. Beings of similar loveliness, and similar devotedness of affection, mingled, in all my boyish dreams of greatness, with visions of curule chairs and ivory cars, marshalled legions and laurelled fasces. Such I have endeavoured to find in the world; and, in their stead, I have met with selfishness, with vanity, with frivolity, with falsehood. The life which you have preserved is a boon less valuable than the affection——”

“Oh! Cæsar,” interrupted the blushing Zoe, “think only on your own security at present. If you feel as you speak,—but you are only mocking me,—or perhaps your compassion——”

“By Heaven!—by every oath that is binding——”

“Alas! alas! Cæsar, were not all the same oaths sworn yesterday to Valeria? But I will trust you, at least so far as to partake your present dangers. Flight may be necessary:—form your plans. Be they what they may, there is one who, in exile, in poverty, in peril, asks only to wander, to beg, to die with you.”

“My Zoe, I do not anticipate any such necessity. To renounce the conspiracy without renouncing the principles on which it was originally undertaken;—to elude the vengeance of the Senate without losing the confidence of the people, is, indeed, an arduous, but not an impossible, task. I owe it to myself and to my country to make the attempt. There is still ample time for consideration. At present, I am too happy in love to think of ambition or danger.”

They had reached the door of a stately palace. Cæsar struck it. It was instantly opened by a slave. Zoe found herself in a magni-

ficent hall, surrounded by pillars of green marble, between which were ranged the statues of the long line of Julian nobles.

"Call Endymion," said Cæsar.

The confidential freed-man made his appearance, not without a slight smile, which his patron's good nature emboldened him to hazard, at perceiving the beautiful Athenian.

"Arm my slaves, Endymion; there are reasons for precaution. Let them relieve each other on guard during the night. Zoe, my love, my preserver, why are your cheeks so pale? Let me kiss some bloom into them. How you tremble! Endymion, a flask of Samian and some fruit. Bring them to my apartments. This way my sweet Zoe."

* * * * *

T. M.

TO ROSINE.

LADY! I know three poets who know thee;
And all write sonnets, in the which they swear
That thou art most superlatively fair,
Meek, silver-voiced—and so forth. As for me,
Not having seen thee, I am fancy free;
And, pretty lady, little do I care
Whether thou art indeed beyond compare,
A being to whom Bards must bow the knee,
Or a mere woman with good face and shape.—
I only know that I'm so tired of hearing
The list of thy perfections, that I gape
Sometimes, instead of duly sonneteering;
And therefore am I called brute, bear, and ape,
And other names past mentioning or bearing.

TO ROSINE, BY A FIFTH POET.*

I know thee not, sweet Lady, but I know
(At least they know who say so) that thou art
Lovely of form, and innocent of heart,
A creature of meek thoughts, and tears that flow
From quiet love, and happy smiles, that throw
A moonlight round them. And thou art the bride
Of one by faith and goodness sanctified,
High-hearted, gentle, wise, and firm in wo.
Ah! wherefore such transcendent gifts bestow'd
On one, so rich already? Why not given
To one, whose soul more needed such sweet stay;
Some hapless wight, like me, at random driven,
Lonely and sad, along life's rugged road,
Without a breeze of love to cheer me on the way?

* Written by way of companion to one by Gerard Montgomery, beginning with "Lady, I know three poets who know thee," &c.

PETER THE CRUEL.

(Selected for the Museum from Ackermann's *Forget-me-not* for 1825.)

"It cannot be denied that in the latter part of his reign he grew faithless and treacherous to his friends, and a blood-thirsty monster to his enemies. Even in his best years, he at times gave way to fierce anger; though there still appeared a mixture of candour and justice in his character. Every body in this town knows the bust of Peter the Cruel, which still marks the spot where he killed a man in a chance affray, while walking in the night alone and in disguise. To believe the traditional story, the murderer would never have been suspected but for an old woman, who, hearing the clash of swords, looked out with a lamp from her window. She soon withdrew the lamp in great fright, without seeing the man who had slain his adversary. When questioned by the magistrates the next day, she declared her persuasion that the murderer was no other than the king himself, whom she had discovered by the well-known rattling of his knees. Peter heard the accusation with composure, and neither contradicted nor injured the poor woman. Unable, however, to remove the suspicion which lay at his door, he ordered his own bust to be fixed in a niche upon the spot, as the heads of malefactors are set up to mark the scene of their crimes. The name of the narrow street which opens in front of the bust bears still, as we all know, the name of *Candilejo*, from the lamp said to have been brought out by the old woman.

"The state of public morals at that period, and the weakness of the law against the privileged orders, may be conceived from another traditional story which the annalists of Seville have preserved. A prebendary of the cathedral was, in the early part of Peter's reign, trying to seduce a beautiful woman, the wife of a mechanic. The frequency of the lover's visits roused the jealousy of the husband, and he desired the clergyman to desist from troubling the peace of his household. The prebendary, incensed at what he conceived to be an insult, waylaid and killed the man. He then took sanctuary in the cathedral, and was soon after set free by the archbishop under a very slight punishment. A son of the murdered man, who, though young and poor, possessed a high spirit, appeared before the king, in an open space with seats, built of stone, near one of the gates of the palace, where he used daily to hear the complaints and petitions of his subjects. The structure I allude to was pulled down so lately as the middle of the seventeenth century. The orphan youth complained bitterly of the archbishop, who had allowed the murderer of his father to go unpunished. Peter heard the lad with great attention, and, taking him aside, asked him if he felt courage enough to avenge his father? The lad declared, he wished for nothing so ardently. 'Go then, (said the king,) and come to me for protection.' The heart-blood of the murderer

dripped soon after from the orphan's dagger. He was hotly pursued to the palace, where, being given in charge to the crossbowmen, a day was appointed for the trial. Peter, in open court, heard the archbishop's counsel against the prisoner; and asked the sentence of the ecclesiastical judge against the prebendary. 'He was, please your highness, (answered the prosecutor,) suspended a whole year from his office.' 'What is your trade or occupation, young man?' said the king. 'I am a shoemaker,' was the answer. 'Then let it be recorded as the sentence of this court, that, for the space of a whole year, the prisoner shall not be allowed to make shoes.' "

TALE OF THE GREEN TAPER.

(Selected for the *Museum* from *Ackermann's Forget-me-not* for 1825.)

"AMONG the unfortunate families of Spanish Moriscoes who were forced to quit Spain in 1610, there was one of a very rich farmer who owned the house we speak of. As the object of the government was to hurry the Moriscoes out of the country without allowing them time to remove their property, many buried their money and jewels, in hopes of returning from Africa at a future period. Muley Hassem, according to our popular tradition, had contrived a vault under the large *Zaguán*, or close porch of his house. Distrusting his Christian neighbours, he had there accumulated great quantities of gold and pearls, which, upon his quitting the country, were laid under a spell by another Moriscoe, deeply versed in the secret arts.

"The jealousy of the Spaniards, and the severe penalties enacted against such of the exiles as should return, precluded Muley Hassem from all opportunities of recovering his treasure. He died, intrusting the secret to an only daughter, who, having grown up at Seville, was perfectly acquainted with the spot under the charm. Fatima married, and was soon left a widow, with a daughter whom she taught Spanish, hoping to make her pass for a native of our country. Urged by the approach of poverty, which sharpened the desire to make use of the secret trusted to her, Fatima, with her daughter Zuleima, embarked on board a corsair, and were landed secretly in a cove near Huelva. Dressed in the costume of the peasantry, and having assumed Christian names, both mother and daughter made their way to Seville on foot, or by any occasional conveyance which offered on the road. To avoid suspicion, they gave out that they were returning from the performance of a vow to a celebrated image of the Virgin, near Moguer. I will not tire you with details as to the means by which Fatima obtained a place for herself and daughter in the family then occupying her own paternal house. Fatima's constant endeavours to please her master and mistress succeeded to the utmost of her wishes: the beauty and in-

nocence of Zuleima, then only fourteen, needed no studied efforts to obtain the affection of the whole family.

"When Fatima thought that the time was come, she prepared her daughter for the important and awful task of recovering the concealed treasure, of which she had constantly talked to her since the child could understand her meaning. The winter came on; the family moved to the first floor as usual, and Fatima asked to be allowed one of the ground-floor rooms for herself and Zuleima. About the middle of December, when periodical rains threatened to make the Guadalquivir overflow its banks, and scarcely a soul stirred out after sunset, Fatima, provided with a rope and a basket, anxiously awaited the hour of midnight to commence her incantation. Her daughter stood trembling by her side in the porch, to which they had groped their way in the dark. The large bell of the cathedral clock, whose sound, you are well aware, has a most startling effect in the dead silence of the night, tolled the hour; and the melancholy peal of supplication (*Plegária*) followed for about two minutes. All now was still, except the wind and rain. Fatima, unlocking with some difficulty the cold hands of her daughter out of hers, struck a flint, and lighted a green taper not more than an inch long, which she carefully sheltered from the wind in a pocket lantern. The light had scarcely glimmered on the ground, when the pavement yawned close by the feet of the two females. 'Now, Zuleima, my child, the only care of my life, (said Fatima,) were you strong enough to draw me out of the vault where our treasure lies, I would not intreat you to hasten down by these small perpendicular steps, which you here see. Fear not, my love, there is nothing below but the gold and jewels deposited by my father.'—'Mother, (answered the tremulous girl,) I will not break the promise I have made you, though I feel as if my breathing would stop, the moment I enter that horrible vault. Dear mother, tie the rope round my waist—my hands want strength—you must support the whole weight of my body. Merciful Allah! my foot slips! Oh, mother, leave me not in the dark!'

"The vault was not much deeper than the girl's length; and upon her slipping from one of the projecting stones, the chink of coins, scattered by her feet, restored the failing courage of the mother. 'There, take the basket, child—quick! fill it up with gold,—feel for the jewels,—I must not move the lantern.—Well done, my love! Another basketful, and no more. I would not expose you, my only child, for . . . yet, the candle is long enough: fear not, it will burn five minutes . . . Heavens! the wick begins to float in the melted wax: out, out, Zuleima! . . . the rope, the rope! . . . the steps are on this side!'

"A faint groan was heard. Zuleima had dropped in a swoon over the remaining gold. At this moment all was dark again: the distracted mother searched for the chasm, but it was closed. She beat the ground with her feet; and her agony became downright madness on hearing the hollow sound returned from below. She

now struck the flints of the pavement, till her hands were shapeless with wounds. Lying on the ground a short time, and having for a moment recovered the power of conscious suffering, she heard her daughter repeat the words, '*Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark!*' The thick vault, through which the words were heard, gave the voice a heart-freezing, thin, distant, yet silvery tone. Fatima lay one instant motionless on the flints; then raising herself upon her knees, dashed her head, with something like supernatural strength, against the stones. There she was found lifeless in the morning.

"On a certain night in the month of December, the few who, ignorant that the house is haunted, have incautiously been upon the spot at midnight, report that Fatima is seen between two black figures, who, in spite of her violent struggles to avoid the place where her daughter is buried alive, force her to sit over the vault, with a basket full of gold at her feet. The efforts by which she now and then attempts to stop her ears, are supposed to indicate that, for an hour, she is compelled to hear the unfortunate Zuleima crying, '*Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark!*'"

FROM THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

TEXNOGAMIA: *Or, The Marriages of the Arts: A Comedie, written by Barten Holiday, Master of Arts and Student of Christ Church in Oxford, and acted by the Students of the same house, before the Universitie at Shrovetide. London, printed by John Haviland, for Richard Meighen; and are to be sold at his shop, next the Middle Temple gate, and in St. Dunstan's church-yard, in Fleet-street, 1630. 4to.*

BARTEN HOLIDAY was born about the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, in the parish of All Saints, Oxford. He was entered at an early age of Christ-church college, and having taken his degree of Master of Arts, was appointed archdeacon of the diocese of Oxford. He died in 1661, leaving "behind him," says Langhaine, "the character of a general scholar, a good preacher, a skilful philosopher, and an excellent poet." Holiday is better known for his translations of Juvenal and Persius, illustrated with learned notes, than for his other works, which consist of sermons; *Philosophiæ politico-barbaræ Specimen, de Anima*, 1635; *Orbis terrarum inspectio*, 1661; and the above comedy. The drama is allegorical, the actors being, Polites, a magistrate; Physica, and Astronomia, her daughter; Ethicus, an old man; an Œconomia, his wife; Geographus, a traveller and courtier; and Phantastes, his servant; Geometres, Arithmetica, Logicus, and Phlegmaticus, his man; Grammaticus, a schoolmaster, and Choler, his usher; Poeta, and Melancholico, his man; Historia, Rhetorica, Musica, Medicus, and Sanguis, his man; Causidicus, Magus, and Astrologia, his wife;

and Physiognomus and Cheiromantes, two gypsies—a very efficient corps of actors to edify, if not to please, the gownsmen of Oxford, and all attired in a goodly and appropriate fashion. *Astronomia*, for instance, is “in an azure gown and a mantle seeded with stars; on her head a tiara, bearing on the front the seven stars, and behind, stars promiscuously; on the right side the sun, on the left the moon, in gloves and white pumps.”—“*Geometres*, in a coloured hat, ascending in a pyramidal form, with a square in it instead of a feather,” &c. and so the rest. *Astronomia* is the brilliant heroine of the piece—the heaven to which *Geographus* desires to travel, of which *Geometres* endeavours to take the measure, and in which *Poeta* sighs to repose. On the other hand, *Arithmetica* has a more legitimate passion for *Geometres*, and *Historia* is in arms to be related to *Poeta*.—*Grammaticus*, in an amorous mood, solicits *Rhetorica*, whose flowers bloom only for *Logicus*. These conflicting attachments, as might be expected, cause some confusion in the commonwealth of learning. Each of the enamoured personages endeavours to obtain the object of his affection: *Geographus* is assisted by the influence of *Polites*; *Magus* conjures, with all the mystery of his art, in favour of *Geometres*; and *Poeta* woos under the auspices of the nine muses. *Polites* is at length forced to interfere for the purpose of composing the unquiet members of the commonwealth. *Physiognomus* and *Cheiromantes*, having picked the poet's pocket, (in which, however, the only booty is an *Anacreon*, and a purse containing a translation from the *Teian* bard) are sentenced, the first to be branded on the face for a rogue, that every body may know him by his physiognomy; and the other in the hand, and, together with *Magus* and *Astrologia*, (who had attempted to poison *Astronomia*) are banished the commonwealth of the Sciences. *Geographus*, having discarded his servant *Phantastes*, is married to *Astronomia*; *Arithmetica* is united to *Geometres*; *Grammaticus* becomes master of *Rhetorica*; *Melancholico* obtains the hand of *Musica*, and receives *Phantastes* into his service; and *Logicus*, being a dry, heartless sort of fellow, is left without a mate, and becomes an assistant to *Polites*. And thus is harmony restored amongst the sciences. There is considerable ingenuity displayed in the invention, and many strokes of wit in the dialogue of this piece, mingled with some humorous satire on the professors of the sciences represented. *Geographus* amongst many veracious relations, swears that he has heard a man speak six languages at the same instant; “with his tongue, he'd vowel you out as smooth Italian as any man breathing; with his eye, he would sparkle forth the proud Spanish; with his nose, blow out most robustuous Dutch; the creaking of his high-heeled shoe would articulate exact Polonian; the knocking of his shin-bones feminine French; and his belly would grumble most pure and scholar-like Hungary.”

Phlegmatico is habited “in a pale russet suit; on the back whereof was expressed one filling a pipe of tobacco; his hat beset round

about with tobacco-pipes: with a can of drink hanging at his girdle." He enters, exclaiming, "'Fore Jove, most meteorological tobacco! pure Indian! not a jot sophisticated: a tobacco-pipe is the chimney of perpetual hospitality. 'Fore Jove, most metropolitan tobacco!" and then breaks out very *unphlegmatically*, into the following jovial song, in praise of *The Plant*.

"Tobacco's a musician,
And in a pipe delighteth;
It descends in a close,
Through the organ of the nose,
With a relish that inviteth.
This makes me sing So, ho, ho; So, ho, ho, boys,
Ho boys, sound I loudly:
Earth ne'er did breed
Such a jovial weed
Whereof to boast so proudly.

"Tobacco is a lawyer,
His pipes do love long cases;
When our brain it enters,
Our feet do make indentures,
Which we seal with stamping paces.
This makes me sing So, ho, &c.

"Tobacco's a physician,
Good both for sound and sickly:
'Tis a hot perfume
That expels cold rheum,
And makes it flow down quickly.
This makes me sing, &c.

"Tobacco is a traveller
Come from the Indies hither;
It pass'd sea and land
Ere it came to my hand,
And 'scap'd the wind and weather,
This makes me sing, &c.

"Tobacco is a critic,
That still old paper turneth;
Whose labour and care
Is as smoke in the air,
That ascends from a rag when it burneth.
This makes me sing, &c.

"Tobacco's an *ignis fatuus*,
A fat and fiery vapour;
That leads men about
Till the fire be out,
Consuming like a taper.
This makes me sing, &c.

"Tobacco is a whiffer,
And cries huff snuff with fury;
His pipe's his club and link;
He's the visor that does drink;
Thus arm'd I fear not a jury.
This makes me sing—So, ho, ho; So, ho, ho, boys,
Ho, boys, sound I loudly:
Earth ne'er did breed
Such a jovial weed,
Whereof to boast so proudly."

Poeta and his man having quarrelled and fought with Grammaticus and Logicus, the former soliloquizes on their ingratitude.

"O, the serpentine ingratitude of man! that these snakes, whom I have nourished in my bosom, should now sting me! This Logicus, a base, dry-brained, keekswitted clinch-fist, not long ago, perceiving his fortunes to be brought to a desperate precipitation, through the incomprehensible difficulty of his artless curiosities, most fawningly embosoms himself into my acquaintance, upon a former consideration of my alluring faculty; and in the dusty terms of some cobweb eloquence, blunderingly stammered out his extreme, his extreme wants: for he had only so much enforced rhetoric, as to bring out those words twice, and so by chance light upon a sorry figure; then brutishly he expressed the rest, rather by crying than speaking; (and indeed he had no more moisture else in him, than only to bewail his own misery) when asking what was his request, he answered, that I would turn his unpleasant rules into pleasant verse. I straight, out of the open freeness of my nature and an effuse goodness, prevented the repetition of his suit, by a quick consent; thereupon set myself a-work, and after some travel performed it:—some travel, I say; for, by the nine muses, I think I was above nine months in travel with that monstrous birth. If one but consider what splay-footed verses they were, a man would swear that some infernal hag, not a muse (though unwilling) had been the mother of them; which unhappy labour, when I had showed unto him, the reviving wretch falls on his knees, admires the work, calls me the *Æsculapius* of his salvation, and, with hands lifted up, vows to pay his vows at the muses' altar: that I now more admired at his admiration, than at the deformities of mine own work; for, by Jove, they are such unblest, such unlucky verses, that, besides the loss of custom, which they may justly procure the author, they are able to make a man be suspected for a conjuror; there wants nothing but a circle to make a complete conjuration. * * * Well, he enjoys them; and upon the happiness of this success, came Grammaticus to me with the like suit: 'faith I did it, and cast most of his rules likewise into verse; but, by Jove, since the proud schoolmaster has showed himself thus ungracious and stiff-necked towards me, I'll be even with him; and now I think on't, there's all his *Syntaxis* yet to do; but by this hand, if ever I turn line of it into verse, let me hereafter be a mere *Heteroclite*, and the very *Aptoton* of a fool, *per omnes casus*."

The description which Poeta gives of *Astronomia* is not only novel, but ingenious.

"Her brow is like a brave heroic line,
That does a sacred majesty enshrine.
Her nose phœuciack-like in comely sort
Ends in a trochee, or a long and short.
Her mouth is like a pretty dimeter,
Her eye-brows like a little-longer trimeter.
Her chin is an adonik; and her tongue—
Is an hypermeter, somewhat too long.
Her eyes, I may compare them unto two
Quick-turning dactyls, for their nimble view.
Her neck, *Asclepiad*-like, turns round about,
Behind, before, a little bone stands out.
Her ribs, like staves of sapphics, do descend
Thither, which but to name were to offend.
Her arms, like two iambicks, rais'd on high,
Do with her brow bear equal majesty.
Her legs, like two straight spondee, keep a pace
Slow as two scæzons, but with stately grace."

Ethicus invites Poeta, Grammaticus, and Logicus, to a feast, in order to make up their disagreement. The following extract will show the more peculiar style of this drama.

"*Ethic.* Here, Logicus, you shall drink to Poeta.

"*Logic.* I accept your proposition, sir; Poeta, to set a conclusion to our former dissensions, and to make a plain demonstration of reconciliation, I drink to you.

"*Poet.* With the most ingenuous freedom of a poet, I accept it: Grammaticus, that our contention, ending in love, may make a tragic-comedy, I drink to you.

"*Gram.* I protest to you, sir, I do put all former wrongs in the prate-plu-perfect tense, and am glad of this happy conjunction, and that we are all of us in such a merry mood: but by the way, my masters, these noun-adjectives of the feminine gender sit all this while un-drunk to: Astronomia—

"*Astron.* In truth, Grammaticus, I am not in case to pledge you: I pledg'd Astrologia even now, and i am not since half well.

"*Gram.* Arithmetica—

"*Arith.* If you count again, you shall find that I drunk last.

"*Gram.* Rhetorica—here's to moisten your eloquent tongue.

"*Rhet.* An eloquent tongue is never dry; Astrologia will plege you for me.

"*Gram.* Astrologia—

"*Astrol.* In troth I have been drinking my belly full of nectar; but just now, my thoughts were upon the present conjunction of Mars and Venus.

"*Poet.* Why, how now, Grammaticus! who do you drink to? faith thou art now a noun-substantive, indeed, for thou stand'st alone by thyself, without being join'd to any of these adjectives.

"*Gram.* Nay, do not you jest.

"*Poet.* What, dost thou make a jester of me?

"*Mag.* Nay, I conjure you both, by our present meeting, that you go not out of the circle of harmless mirth.

"*Poet.* Methinks I see a direct line pass from the eye of Geometres to Astronomia's.

"*Mag.* Nay, will you, Poeta? you make Astronomia blush.

"*Poet.* Some aqua-vitæ, I say, for Geometres.

"*Mag.* Why, Poeta?

"*Poet.* Why, he's a dying I think, his eyes are fixed in's head already.

"*Mag.* It may be, Poeta, you measure Geometres his looks by your own.

"*Poet.* Methinks I see a direct line pass from the eye of Geometres to Astronomia's."

Holiday's songs are so very good, that we think that the one sung by Phantastes ought not to be omitted.

"O, happy state
Bove pow'r of fate,
Which you, blest arts, enjoy!

You were little gods
If you fell not at odds,

And did not yourselves annoy.
But when pride does once tickle,

It makes us too fickle

And vain;

Till some good old men

Do temper us then,

And bring us in tune again:

Then learn of me

Thus wise to be,

To have a yielding mind;

With weather-cock art

To play well your part,

And turn with each strong wind.

So you shall by prevention

Escape all contention

And jars:

So you shall be secure,

And never endure

Th' affliction of learned wars.

O, harmless feast
 With mirth increas'd,
 Where music and love do meet!
 Where the piper does find
 A more delicate wind
 To make his pipe sound more sweet;
 Whiles his stick does belabour
 The head of his tabour
 Amain:
 Where the wine in the bowls,
 And ev'ry tongue rolls,
 Yet never disturbs the brain."

Musica's whimsical description of the first invented instrument, will, with the other extracts, afford a good idea of the nature of this ingenious production, which the author says, "was but a five weeks birth." Geographus says, that the first kind of instrument was a harp.

"Mus. Aye, but you're deceived, I rather think 'twas a bagpipe.

"Geog. A bagpipe? why, prithee?

"Mus. Why? marry, first understand this reason, and then I'll show you: you know every art both draws it's imitation from nature, and labours to perfect it, which it does by finding comforts to preserve it: musick then at the first was found out as an antidote against grief: and by this means, when men were grieved, they cried *oh*, and there was one note: then *hey-ho*, there were two notes more. So, when they laughed, they observed three more by *ha, ha, he*. These being first joined together, and afterwards variously intermixed, were the first harmony in voice; which being repeated unto grieved minds, were, as it were, a pretty deluding of their sorrows; and these, by observation, were afterwards reduced to instrument—

"Geog. I conceit it, Musica.

"Mus. Thus, men perceiving that these notes were conceived in the belly, and afterwards (as it were) formed in the passage of the throat, sowed leather in the form of a belly or bag; and with a reed made a long neck unto it, and a wind-pipe; which, when they blew full of wind, and perceived it gave no sound, they cut many holes in the reed to let it out, and then alternately stopping the holes, they found an admirable variety of harmony; and as the holes serve for distinction of notes in a wind-instrument, so do your frets on a stringed-instrument."

This drama contains two specimens of Holiday's skill in translation. They are both spirited versions from *Anacreon*.

"*To his Love.*

Niobe, as they say, once stood
 Turn'd to a stone by Phrygian flood;
 Pandion's daughter (so fame sings)
 Chang'd to a swallow had swift wings,
 But I a looking-glass would be,
 Still to be lookt upon by thee:
 Or I (my love) would be thy gown,
 By thee to be worn up and down.
 Or a pure well full to the brims,
 That I might wash thy purer limbs.
 Or I'd be precious balm to 'noint
 With choicest care each choicest joint.
 Or, if I might, I would be (fain)
 About thy neck thy happy chain.
 Or would it were my blessed hap
 To be the lawn o'er thy fair pap.
 Or would I were thy shoe to be
 Daily be trod upon by thee."

"On Drinking."

"The fruitful earth does drink the rain;
Trees drink the fruitful earth again,
The sea does drink the liquid air;
By the sun's beams the sea-waves are
Drunk up; which is no sooner done,
But straight the moon drinks up the sun:
Why then, companions, do you think
I may not with like freedom drink?"

Cowley's version of the last is more diffuse, but is neither so simple nor so faithful. It has, however, more the air of an original, struck off in the full tide of joviality—in the plenitude of good wine. Our readers will judge.

"The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are,
With constant drinking, fresh and fair.
The sea itself, which, one would think,
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd, that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun (and one would guess,
By's drunken fiery face, no less)
Drinks up the sea; and when he's done
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should every creature drink but I,
Why, man of mortals, tell me why?"

FROM THE UNIVERSAL REVIEW.

Points of Humour, Parts I. and II. Illustrated by a series of Plates from the Designs of George Cruikshank. London. C. Baldwyn. 1823-4.

MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, from being the hero of caricature shops, and having the children of his wit dressed out in blue, and yellow, and gaudy red, has lately risen to be an illustrator of comic history. He has quitted the flaunting windows of Messrs. Forbes and Dighton, where he extracted so much honest laughter, to shine in loftier state in the more costly and classic volume.

Our contemporaries have showered abundance of praise upon this artist, but some of them have praised him for a merit which he palpably does not possess. He is not a rival of Hogarth; for to Hogarth he has no similitude,* further than that there is a quality, com-

* It should be said, however, that both artists possess the dramatic qualification of action in a peculiar degree. Their figures are not like casts from the statuary's shop, but are replete with vivacity, eagerness, and character.

mon to all people of humour. On the contrary, he proceeds upon altogether a different principle, and arrives at a different result. Mr. Cruikshank's talent is essentially that of exaggeration or caricature. Nothing is literally true in his pictures. He sees follies and defects through a strange atmosphere, and casts them before our eyes like shadows reflected upon the mist, distorted and ludicrous. We admire, not the truth of his detail, but the ingenuity with which he perverts it. The pencil of Hogarth, on the other hand, was, in his higher works, strictly legitimate. No limb, attitude, or feature, was perverted to heighten the effect; all was as regular and defined as in a painting of Holbein or Raffaele. He attained his eminence by the simple but most vigorous means of a fearless display of passion, and a profound observation of the habits of human nature. Cruikshank is as the author of farce or burlesque—Hogarth, of rich and strong comedy—sometimes stern, and sometimes even pathetic in a high degree,—there is no paradox in these terms, comedy being an acted picture, in which grace and gaiety, wit and humour, occupy the foreground, but leave room for a noble depth of all the bolder and more stirring passions and impulses of our being. Hogarth would have painted the *Manly* of Wycherley, the *Tartuffe* of Moliere, Congreve's *Old Bachelor*, or the last scene of Farquhar's *Inconstant*, and a crowd of still deeper and more impressive things.

We have said that Mr. Cruikshank is a painter rather of strong farce than of high comedy, and we think that he feels this, from the choice of his subjects. He takes Smollett, for instance, in preference to Fielding—and Pigault le Brun rather than Sir Walter Scott. And yet, when he chooses to leave the broad road of burlesque and take higher ground, he can do graceful things even there. Should the reader be acquainted with the *Italian Tales*, lately published, let him turn to that entitled "the Pomegranate seed," and he will there find figures of which no artist needs be ashamed. Let him look also at the plate in "*Peter Schlemil*," where the grey man takes up the purchased shadow, and he will see talent of another kind. In his more elegant compositions, he reminds us occasionally of Retsch and of Stothard, and, if he be not equal to those celebrated artists in their peculiar way, he has a faculty of humour far beyond either.

This publication comes out in Parts, the first Part consists of Ten Stories. Part I. is the point of honour, and is thus related:—

"When the American army was at Valley Forge, in the winter of 1777, a captain of the Virginian Line refused a challenge sent him by a brother officer, alleging that his life was devoted to the service of his country, and that he did not think it a point of duty to risk it to gratify the caprice of any man. This *point of duty* gave occasion to a *point of humour* which clearly displayed the brilliant *points* of the officer's character, and exposed the weak ones of his brothers in the service in a very *pointed* manner. His antagonist gave him the character of a coward through the whole army. Conscious of not having merited the aspersion, and discovering the injury he should sustain in the minds of those unacquainted with him, he repaired one evening to a general meeting of the officers of that line. On his entrance, he was avoided by the company, and the officer who had challenged

him insolently ordered him to leave the room; a request which was loudly echoed from all parts. He refused, and asserted that he came there to vindicate his fame; and after mentioning the reasons which induced him not to accept the challenge, he applied a large hand-grenade to the candle, and when the fuse had caught fire, threw it on the floor, saying, 'Here, gentlemen this will quickly determine which of us all dare brave danger most.' At first they stared upon him for a moment in stupid astonishment, but their eyes soon fell upon the fuse of the grenade, which was fast burning down. Away scampered Colonel, General, Ensign, and Captain, and all made a rush at the door. 'Devil take the hindmost.' Some fell, and others made way over the bodies of their comrades; some succeeded in getting out, but for an instant there was a general heap of flesh sprawling at the entrance of the apartment. Here was a colonel jostling with a subaltern, and there fat generals pressing lean lieutenants into the boards, and blustering majors, and squeaking ensigns wrestling for exit; the size of one and the feebleness of the other making their chance of departure pretty equal, until time, which does all things at last, cleared the room and left the noble captain standing over the grenade with his arms folded, and his countenance expressing every kind of scorn and contempt for the train of scrambling red coats, as they toiled and bustled and bored their way out of the door.

After the explosion had taken place, some of them ventured to return, to take a peep at the mangled remains of their comrade, whom however to their great surprise they found alive and uninjured.—When they were all gone, the captain threw himself flat on the floor as the only possible means of escape, and fortunately came off with a whole skin and a repaired reputation." Part I. p. 7.

Cruikshank's illustration of this story is happy, and the tail-piece, at the conclusion, is very clever and comic. In the first, we see the interior of a chamber, on one side of which is a little old-fashioned figure standing, with his arms folded, and a hand-grenade smoking at his feet; while on the other side is the door-way choked up with a mob of officers, all striving who shall first escape; one is squeezed against the door-post, another is trodden under foot, a third is hanging on the door, a fourth (plunging and forcing himself into the midst), "like chaos, more embroils the fray," others are straining, others interposing a brother officer between themselves and the deadly little thing, which is fuming away utterly unconscious of the stir that it has created; while, "last, not least," is a fat captain of the train-bands, bent almost double in his eagerness to escape; he treads upon some unhappy subaltern (whose face is twisted into all the angles which fear and pain can create) and seems determined to save his paunch at the expense of a couple of gouty legs, and a "disk" beyond comparison the largest, since that of the "stout gentleman" disappeared from the eyes of his admiring villagers. But the reader must examine the plate himself, and must not fail to admire the tail-piece, in which the personification of the hand-grenade and the fugitive warriors, are hit off with a force which we could not have anticipated from a few lines. Point 2, "The short Courtship" is a subject unworthy of the artist's selection, and of a species which in future he must avoid. Point 3, is entitled "Yes or No?"

"Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, was so remarkably fond of children, that he suffered the sons of the Prince Royal to enter his apartment whenever they thought proper. One day, while he was writing in his closet, the eldest of these princes was playing at shuttlecock near him. The shuttlecock happened to fall upon the table at which the king sat, who threw it at the young prince and continued to write. The shuttlecock falling on the table a second time, the King

threw it back, looked sternly at the child, who promised that no accident of the kind should happen again; the shuttlecock however fell a third time, and even upon the paper on which the king was writing. Frederick then took the shuttlecock and put it in his pocket: the little prince humbly asked pardon, and begged the King to return him his shuttlecock. His Majesty refused: the prince redoubled his entreaties, but no attention was paid to them; the young prince at length being tired of begging, advanced boldly towards the King, put his two hands on his sides and tossing back his head with great haughtiness, said, in a threatening tone, "Will your Majesty give me my shuttlecock, Yes or No?" The King burst into a fit of laughter, and taking the shuttlecock out of his pocket, returned it to the prince, saying, "You are a brave boy, you will never suffer Silesia to be taken from you." Part I. p. 12.

The figure of Frederick is admirably managed in the plate, and the little prince, who seems swollen up to twice his natural size by passion, presents a fine contrast to the careless and cool power which laughs in the face of the military monarch. As a close to this "Point," a little angry whelp is seen pulling a large bull by the tail, which feeds on his rich pasture, almost unconscious of the puny attack. Point 4, (called "Exchange no Robbery,") is the history of some village gallantry. In the annexed plate there is not much to call forth our commendation. The next four points, 5, 6, 7, and 8, are illustrations of Burns's poem of "The Jolly Beggars," and are very clever specimens of coarse humour. The subject, however, is not much to our taste. Point 9, relates to a circumstance which is said to have occurred at Revel. A cavern is reported to be haunted, and the priests, from the Archbishop down to the simple novice, proceed to it in order to lay the troublesome spirit. They enter the cavern and proceed down the stair-case, when, partly owing to fear, and partly to the damp steps, the fat thick neck'd abbot who closes the procession, loses his footing and falls upon "Henry of Uxkull—they both fall upon the last dean—all three on the first dean—all four on the canon—all five upon the archbishop of Riga," and they remain in darkness and insensibility, for two hours, when they are wakened by some potent "Sesame" which one of their profane companions left at the entrance of the cavern, sounds forth preparatory to the search which he intends making for the discovery of his shaven companions. We must again refer the reader to point 10, ("a Visit without form") in which a Roman adventure of Cardinal Bernis is related (as well as illustrated) in a dextrous manner.

The second *fascicules* of the *Points of Humour* opens with the story of "the Three Hunchbacks," taken from the French tales of Le Grand. For such, however, as have never seen that publication we extract the following story. It is illustrated by Cruikshank admirably. To say nothing of the musical trio in page 2, the principal plate, which faces that page, is a rich specimen.

"At a short distance from Douai, there stood a castle on the bank of a river near a bridge. The master of this castle was hunchbacked. Nature had exhausted her ingenuity in the formation of his whimsical figure. In place of understanding, she had given him an immense head, which nevertheless was lost between his two shoulders: he had thick hair, a short neck, and a horrible visage.

"Spite of his deformity, this bugbear bethought himself of falling in love with a beautiful young woman, the daughter of a poor but respectable burgess of Douai. He sought her in marriage, and as he was the richest person in the district, the poor girl was delivered up to him. After the nuptials he was as much an object of pity as she, for, being devoured by jealousy, he had no tranquillity night nor day, but went prying and rambling every where, and suffered no stranger to enter the castle.

"One day during the Christmas festival, while standing sentinel at his gate, he was accosted by three humpbacked minstrels. They saluted him as a brother, as such asked him for refreshments, and at the same time, to establish the fraternity, they ostentatiously shouldered their humps at him. Contrary to expectation, he conducted them to his kitchen, gave them a capon with peas, and to each a piece of money over and above. Before their departure, however, he warned them never to return on pain of being thrown into the river. At this threat of the Chatelain the minstrels laughed heartily and took the road to the town, singing in full chorus, and dancing in a grotesque manner, in derision of their brother-hump of the castle. He, on his part, without paying farther attention, went to walk in the fields.

"The lady, who saw her husband cross the bridge, and had heard the minstrels, called them back to amuse her. They had not been long returned to the castle, when her husband knocked at the gate, by which she and the minstrels were equally alarmed. Fortunately, the lady perceived in a neighbouring room three empty coffers. Into each of these she stuffed a minstrel, shut the covers, and then opened the gate to her husband. He had only come back to spy the conduct of his wife as usual, and, after a short stay, went out anew, at which you may believe his wife was not dissatisfied. She instantly ran to the coffers to release her prisoners, for night was approaching and her husband would not probably be long absent. But what was her dismay, when she found them all three suffocated! Lamentation, however, was useless. The main object now was to get rid of the dead bodies, and she had not a moment to lose. She ran then to the gate, and seeing a peasant go by, she offered him a reward of thirty livres, and leading him into the castle, she took him to one of the coffers, and showing him its contents, told him he must throw the dead body into the river: he asked for a sack, put the carcase into it, pitched it over the bridge, and then returned quite out of breath to claim the promised reward.

"*'Certainly intended to satisfy you,'* said the lady, *'but you ought first to fulfil the condition of the bargain—you have agreed to rid me of the dead body, have you not? There, however, it is still.'* Saying this, she showed him to the other coffer in which the second humpbacked minstrel had expired. At this sight the clown was perfectly confounded—*'how the devil! come back! a sorcerer!'*—he then stuffed the body into the sack, and threw it, like the other, over the bridge, taking care to put the head down and to observe that it sank.

"Meanwhile the lady had again changed the position of the coffers, so that the third was now in the place which had been successively occupied by the two others. When the peasant returned, she showed him the remaining dead body—*'you are right, friend,'* said she, *'he must be a magician, for there he is again.'* The rustic gnashed his teeth with rage. *'What the devil! am I to do nothing but carry about this humpback?'* He then lifted him up, with dreadful imprecations, and having tied a stone round the neck, threw him into the middle of the current, threatening, if he came out a third time, to despatch him with a cudgel.

"The first object that presented itself to the clown, on his way back for his reward, was the hunchbacked master of the castle returning from his evening walk, and making towards the gate. At this sight the peasant could no longer restrain his fury. *'Dog of a humpback, are you there again?'* So saying, he sprang on the Chatelain, threw him over his shoulders, and hurled him headlong into the river after the minstrels.

"*'I'll venture a wager you have not seen him this last time,'* said the peasant, entering the room where the lady was seated. She answered, she had not. *'You were not far from it,'* replied he: *'the sorcerer was already at the gate, but I have taken care of him—he at your case—he will not come back now.'*

"The lady instantly comprehended what had occurred, and recompensed the peasant with much satisfaction."

Point 2, which is called "a Relish before Dinner," is related as follows:—

"When Charles Gustavus, King of Sweden, was besieging Prague, a boor, of a most extraordinary visage, desired admittance to his tent; and being allowed to enter, he offered, by way of amusement, to devour a large hog in his presence. The old general Konigsmark, who stood by the king's side, notwithstanding his bravery, had not got rid of the prejudices of his childhood, and hinted to his royal master that the peasant ought to be burnt as a sorcerer. 'Sir,' said the fellow, irritated at the remark, 'if your majesty will but make that old gentleman take off his sword and spurs, I will eat him before I begin the pig.' General Konigsmark, who had, at the head of a body of Swedes, performed wonders against the Austrians, could not stand this proposal, especially as it was accompanied by a most hideous expansion of the jaws and mouth. Without uttering a word, the veteran turned pale and suddenly ran out of the tent, and did not think himself safe till he arrived at his quarters, where he remained above twenty-four hours, locked securely, before he got rid of the panic which had so strongly seized him."

The "boor" above mentioned is drawn by Cruikshank with high burlesque. He looks like the overgrown abomination of gluttony. And as to the tail-piece, it is absolutely a *morceau*. A hand like that of a magician or giant, comes *diving* out of the clouds, armed with a tremendous fork; and underneath, galloping at terrific speed down a declivity, go "the horse and his rider," the latter bent downward to the mane, to avoid instant death; and the former, with his limbs strained and stretched out to an agony of speed, with blown nostrils, and ears thrown backwards, is seen plunging along into the darkness which lies thick before him, heedless of every thing but immediate escape. What an argument is in this little print in favour of the anti-cannibalism of the Brahmins! When Mr. Forbes presented the lettuce-leaf to the Indian Dervise he should have had this in return. Point 3, is "the Haunted Physician," who is seen walking through a crowd of ghosts (formerly his patients) whom he has despatched to Hades before their time. Some are threatening, some are scolding, some are armed with imaginary pails of water, some are moaning, some staring, others chattering and mouthing—a ghastly legion of apparitions. From the figure of a physician (like Wilkes) down to monks, and old women and children—to puppies and monkeys, all seem animated by the same spirit of revenge. As to the solemn coxcomb himself, he marches in the midst, utterly unconscious of all that is going on around him, and looks as ignorant and self-satisfied as if he had never committed any thing beyond a pleasant draught of "cinnamon and soapsuds," with which, we have been told, some patients may be satisfied on the unscientific banks of the Bosphorus.

We must now pass lightly over the remaining Points. "The Four Blind Beggars,"—"The Consultation," (in which the tail-piece, p. 20, is ingenious,) and several others from "Peregrine Pickle," particularly one called *The Duel*, exhibiting a capital figure of Pipes—"A New Way to Pay Old Debts," from Le Brun's Novel of "The Barons of Felsheim," in which there is a rich group of Jews—and lastly, Point 10 (the scene of Fluellen

administering the leek to Pistol) which we think, comparatively, a failure.

We would recommend to Mr. Cruikshank the "Recruits" in Henry the Fourth—the comic Romance of Scarron—the scene in Anastasius, where the whole squadron of Janissaries are disabled in the doctor's shop, and (taking into consideration the elegance of a few of his designs) some of the scenes of De Grammont. Or, he may become an illustrator of the Dunciad—of Tom Thumb—of the Critic of O'Keefe. In a word, let him go on as he has begun, conquering—like Alexander—through the whole region of laughter, the most vigorous *ultra*-humorist, perhaps, of the present age.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

BLAKESMOOR IN H—SHIRE.

I do not know a pleasure more affecting than to range at will over the deserted apartments of some fine old family mansion. The traces of extinct grandeur admit of a better passion than envy; and contemplations on the great and good, whom we fancy in succession to have been its inhabitants, weave for us illusions, incompatible with the bustle of modern occupancy, and vanities of foolish present aristocracy. The same difference of feeling, I think, attends us between entering an empty and a crowded church. In the latter it is chance but some present human frailty—an act of inattention on the part of some of the auditory—or a trait of affection, or worse, vain-glory, on that of the preacher—puts us by our best thoughts, disharmonising the place and the occasion. But wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness?—go alone on some week-day, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton, traverse the cool aisles of some country church—think of the piety that has kneeled there—the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there—the meek pastor—the docile parishioner—with no disturbing emotions, no cross conflicting comparisons—drink in the tranquillity of the place, till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee.

Journeying northward lately, I could not resist going some few miles out of my road, to look upon the remains of an old great house with which I had been impressed in this way in infancy. I was apprized that the owner of it had lately pulled it down; still I had a vague notion that it could not all have perished, that so much solidity with magnificence could not have been crushed all at once into the mere dust and rubbish which I found it.

The work of ruin had proceeded with a swift hand indeed, and the demolition of a few weeks had reduced it to—an antiquity.

I was astonished at the indistinction of every thing. Where had stood the great gates? What bounded the court yard? Where-

about did the out-houses commence? a few bricks only lay as representatives of that which was so stately and so spacious.

Death does not shrink up his human victim at this rate. The burnt ashes of a man weigh more in their proportion.

Had I seen these brick-and-mortar knaves at their process of destruction, at the plucking of every pannel I should have felt the varlets at my heart. I should have cried out to them to spare a plank at least out of the cheerful store-room, in whose hot window-seat I used to sit, and read Cowley, with the grass-plat before, and the hum and flappings of that one solitary wasp that ever haunted it, about me—it is in mine ears now, as oft as summer returns—or a pannel of the yellow room.

Why, every plank and pannel of that house for me had magic in it. The tapestried bed-rooms—tapestry so much better than painting—not adorning merely, but peopling the wainscots—at which childhood ever and anon would steal a look, shifting its coverlid (replaced as quickly) to exercise its tender courage in a momentary eye-encounter with those stern bright visages, staring reciprocally—all Ovid on the walls, in colours vividder than his descriptions. Actæon in mid sprout, with the unappeasable prudery of Diana; and the still more provoking, and almost culinary coolness of Dan Phœbus, eel-fashion, deliberately divesting of Marsyas.

Then, that haunted room—in which old Mrs. Battle died—whereinto I have crept, but always in the day-time, with a passion of fear; and a sneaking curiosity, terror-tainted, to hold communication with the past.—*How shall they build it up again?*

It was an old deserted place, yet not so long deserted but that traces of the splendour of past inmates were every where apparent. Its furniture was still standing—even to the tarnished gilt leather battledores, and crumbling feathers of shuttlecocks, in the nursery, which told that children had once played there. But I was a lonely child, and had the range at will of every apartment, knew every nook and corner, wondered and worshipped every where.

The solitude of childhood is not so much the mother of thought, as it is the feeder of love, and silence, and admiration. So strange a passion for the place, possessed me in those years, that, though there lay—I shame to say how few roods distant from the mansion—half hid by trees, what I judged some romantic lake—such was the spell which bound me to the house, and such my carefulness not to pass its strict and proper precincts, that the idle waters lay unexplored for me; and not till late in life, curiosity prevailing over elder devotion, I found, to my astonishment, a pretty brawling brook had been the Lacus Incognitus of my infancy. Variegated views, extensive prospects—and those at no great distance from the house—I was told of such—what were they to me, being out of the boundaries of my Eden?—So far from a wish to roam, I would have drawn, methought, still closer the fences of my chosen prison; and have been hemmed in by a yet securer cincture of

those excluding garden walls. I could have exclaimed with that garden-loving poet—

Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines;
Curl me about, ye gadding vines;
And oh so close your circles lace,
That I may never leave this place:
But, lest your fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your silken bondage break,
Do you, O brambles, chain me too,
And, courteous briars, nail me through.*

I was here as in a lonely temple. Snug firesides—the low-built roof—parlours ten feet by ten—frugal boards, and all the homeliness of home—these were the condition of my birth—the wholesome soil which I was planted in. Yet, without impeachment to their tenderest lessons, I am not sorry to have had glances of something beyond; and to have taken if but a peep, in childhood, at the contrasting accidents of a great fortune.

To have the feeling of gentility, it is not necessary to have been born gentle. The pride of ancestry may be had on cheaper terms than to be obliged to an importunate race of ancestors; and the coat-less antiquary, in his unemblazoned cell, revolving the long line of a Mowbray's or De Clifford's pedigree—at those sounding names may warm himself into as gay a vanity as those who do inherit them. The claims of birth are ideal merely: and what herald shall go about to strip me of an idea? Is it trenchant to their swords? can it be hacked off as a spur can? or torn away like a tarnished garter?

What, else, were the families of the great to us? what pleasure should we take in their tedious genealogies, or their capitulatory brass monuments? What to us the uninterrupted current of their bloods, if our own did not answer within us to a cognate and correspondent elevation?

Or wherefore, else, O tattered and diminished 'Scutcheon—that hung upon the time-worn walls of thy princely stairs, BLAKESMOOR!—have I in childhood so oft stood poring upon thy mystic characters—thy emblematic supporters, with their prophetic "Resurgam"—till, every dreg of peasantry purging off, I received into myself Very Gentility?—Thou wert first in my morning eyes; and, of nights, hast detained my steps from bedward, till it was but a step from gazing at thee to dreaming on thee.

This is the only true gentry by adoption; the veritable change of blood, and not, as empirics have fabled, by transfusion.

Who it was by dying that had earned the splendid trophy, I know not, I inquired not; but its fading rags, and colours cobweb-stained, told, that its subject was of two centuries back.

And what if my ancestor at that date was some Damcetas—feeding flocks, not his own, upon the hills of Lincoln—did I in less earnest vindicate to myself the family trappings of this once proud

* Marvell, on Appleton-House, to the Lord Fairfax.

Ægon?—repaying by a backward triumph the insults he might possibly have heaped in his life-time upon my poor pastoral progenitor.

If it were presumption so to speculate, the present owners of the mansion had least reason to complain. They had long forsaken the old house of their fathers for a newer trifle; and I was left to appropriate to myself what images I could pick up, to raise my fancy, or to soothe my vanity.

I was the true descendant of those old W—s; and not the present family of that name, who had fled the old waste places.

Mine was that gallery of good, old family portraits, which as I have traversed, giving them in fancy my own family name, one—and then another—would seem to smile, reaching forward from the canvas, to recognise the new relationship; while the rest looked grave, as it seemed, at the vacancy in their dwelling, and thoughts of fled posterity.

That beauty with the cool blue pastoral drapery, and a lamb—that hung next the great bay window—with the bright yellow H—shire hair, and eye of watchet hue—so like my Alice!—I am persuaded, she was a true Elia—Mildred Elia—I take it.

From her, and from my passion for her—for I first learned love from a picture—Bridget took the hint of those pretty whimsical lines, which thou mayst see, if haply thou hast never seen them, Reader, in the Margin.* But my Mildred grew not old, like the imaginary Helen.

Mine too, BLAKESMOOR, was thy noble Marble Hall, with its mosaic pavements, and its Twelve Cæsars—stately busts in marble

* "High-born Helen, round your dwelling,
These twenty years I've paced in vain:
Haughty beauty, thy lover's duty
Hath been to glory in his pain.

High-born Helen, proudly telling
Stories of thy cold disdain;
I starve, I die, now you comply,
And I no longer can complain.

These twenty years I've lived on tears,
Dwelling for ever on a frown;
On sighs I've fed, your scorn my bread;
I perish now you kind are grown.

Can I, who loved my beloved
But for the scorn 'was in her eye,'
Can I be moved for my beloved,
When she returns me sigh for sigh?

In stately pride, by my bed-side,
High-born Helen's portrait hung;
Deaf to my praise, my mournful lays
Are nightly to the portrait sung.

To that I weep, nor ever sleep,
Complaining all night long to her."
Helen, grown old, no longer cold,
Said—"You to all men I prefer."

—ranged round: of whose countenances, young reader of faces as I was, the frowning beauty of Nero, I remember, had most of my wonder, but the mild Galba had my love. There they stood in the coldness of death, yet freshness of immortality.

Mine too thy lofty Justice Hall, with its one chair of authority, high-backed, and wickered, once the terror of luckless poacher, or self-forgetful maiden—so common since, that bats have roosted in it.

Mine too—whose else?—thy costly fruit garden, with its sun-baked southern wall; the ampler pleasure garden, rising backwards from the house, in triple terraces, with flower-pots now of palest lead, save that a speck here and there, saved from the elements, bespake their pristine state to have been gilt and glittering; the verdant quarters backward still; and, stretching still beyond, in old formality, thy firry wilderness, the haunt of squirrel, and the day-long murmuring woodpigeon—with that antique image in the centre, God or Goddess I wist not; but child of Athens or old Rome paid never a sincerer worship to Pan or to Sylvanus in their native groves, than I to that fragmental mystery.

Was it for this, that I kissed my childish hands too fervently in your idle worship, walks and windings of BLAKESMOOR! for this, or what sin of mine, has the plough passed over your pleasant places? I sometimes think that as men, when they die, do not die all, so of their extinguished habitations there may be a hope—a germ to be revived.

ELIA.

ENIGMA.

My first's an airy thing,
 Joying in flowers,
 Evermore wandering
 In Fancy's bowers,
 Living on beauteous smiles
 From eyes that glisten,
 And telling of Love's wiles
 To ears that listen.

But if, in its first flush
 Of warm emotion,
 My second come to crush
 Its young devotion,
 Oh! then it wastes away,
 Weeping and wailing,
 And, on some sunny day,
 Is blest in breaking.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

The Travels of General Baron Minsitoli in Lybia and Upper Egypt, with Plates, Maps, &c. are announced for early publication.

Mr. Percival has in the press, a History of Italy, from the Fall of the Western Empire to the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.

Letters from Spain, in the years 1821, 1822, 1823. By Lieutenant-General Guillaume de Vaudoucourt, &c. &c. &c.

Letters of Horace Walpole (afterwards Earl of Orford) to the earl of Hertford, during his Lordship's Embassy in Paris.

Mr. Mills, Author of the History of the Crusades, is preparing for the press, a History of Chivalry.

A Chronological History of the West Indies is announced, by Captain Thomas Southey, Royal Navy.

Illustrations of Conchology, according to the System of Lamarck, in a Series of Twenty Engravings on royal 4to. each plate containing many Specimens. By E. A. Crouch.

Captain Charles Cochrane has in the press an Account of a Twenty Months' Residence in Colombia.

An additional volume of Letters by Anna Seward, is preparing for publication, developing the progress of an early attachment, disclosing her more private opinions on various subjects, and embracing anecdotes of her contemporaries; to which will be prefixed, an Essay on her Life and Character, by J. Harral.

A Statistical Account of the British Settlements in Australasia, including the Colonies of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land. The third edition, embellished with New Maps, &c. By W. C. Wentworth.

The Lectures of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. on the Principles and Practice of Surgery, as delivered at St. Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals, with additional Notes and Cases, by Frederick Tyrrell, Esq. of St. Thomas's Hospital.

Mr. Galt has nearly ready for publication, a Novel, entitled, *Rothelan*.

It appears that the Conversations of LORD BYRON for a considerable period during his residence at Pisa, have been faithfully recorded by one of his most intimate friends, and that this curious production, which will no doubt rival the Journals of Boswell and Las Cases, is immediately to be given to the public. The author is CAPTAIN MEDWIN, of the 24th Light Dragoons, a poet himself, and a cousin of the late Percy Bysshe Shelley. The communications are stated to have been made without any injunction to secrecy, and committed to paper for the sake of reference only; and but for the fate of Lord Byron's Memoirs would never have appeared before the public.

Our readers will be pleased to hear that a Second Series of the masterly Sketches entitled "*Sayings and Doings*," are nearly ready for publication.

The Rev. T. Arnold, M.A. late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, has been for many years employed in writing a History of Rome from the earliest Times to the Death of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. The First Volume, from the Rise of the Roman State to the Formation of the Second Triumvirate, A. U. C. 710; B. C. 44. will soon be published.

A notice of Hodgson's Letters from North America, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, concludes with the following remark upon an article in the *North American Review*.

"We have noticed a review of Mr. Hodgson's volumes in a very able and popular American publication, in which we do not think that justice has been done to his merits. The strong observations which he has made upon the slave system, appear to have excited the spleen of the reviewer."

